

GORE VIDAL'S CALIGULA

PENTHOUSE-ROSSELLINI PRODUCTIONS
Rome

First draft screenplay
October 20, 1975

Note: The audience needs to know two things that the film cannot make clear, short of using cards. One, that Caligula and Tiberius were actually 1st Century A.D. Roman emperors, and that the events shown in the film took place pretty much as recorded. Second, that at Roman funerals, figures wearing the death masks of ancestors would precede the dead body. This information could be supplied in a brief VOICE-OVER while the CAMERA reveals the ruins of the palace of Tiberius and Caligula as they look today, as well as the Forum, Senate House, Circus Maximus -- not to mention the still extant underground corridor where Caligula was murdered.

THE SCREEN IS BLACK

We are inside Caligula's mind. He is having a recurrent nightmare. Musical instruments (horns, cymbals, pipes) begin to play. Then we hear the voices of MEN and WOMEN plaintively chanting in a minor key. Harsh counterpoint to their voices, abrupt shrieks, wails, moans. At the center of the darkness, a tiny figure appears. The CHILD CALIGULA is performing a Roman war-dance.

CLOSE SHOT - CHILD CALIGULA

Now the screen is filled with the dancing figure of a six-year-old boy (CALIGULA): he is dressed as a Roman soldier, complete to miniature half-boots. Grimly, doggedly he dances...rather like a child-actor egged on by a stage-mother.

Over the CHILD CALIGULA appears the film's title:

CALIGULA

Then, as the nightmare continues:

START MAIN TITLES

EXT. MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS AT ROME - NIGHT

LONG SHOT

Since this is a dream version of the actual funeral of Caligula's father GERMANICUS, the figures of the ADULTS are viewed as a child would see them -- from below: bodies fore-shortened, faces grotesque. As in dreams, details are missing or over-emphasized. Caligula's father was actually buried during the day; in the dream, however, it is night.

We see, first, a ragged line of mourning, chanting MEN and WOMEN. They carry torches as they converge upon the mausoleum of Augustus, a round building at whose entrance a dais has been set up.

MEDIUM SHOT

On the dais stands the widow of Germanicus, the stern-faced, dry-eyed ANTONIA. With ANTONIA are her SIX CHILDREN. Three boys, three girls. The oldest child is DRUSILLA, already a young woman -- dark, regal, hard. The youngest child is CALIGULA.

He is obviously favored over the others. During his dance, MOURNERS reach out toward him, they try to touch him, to kiss his boots. GUARDS push back these enthusiasts. On the dais is a PRIEST who acts as master of the funeral ceremonies.

LONG SHOT

Now the family part of the cortège is passing the dais: a long line of heavily cloaked MEN wearing masks. The first masks are stylized... some are very beautiful. These early masks represent legendary ancestors of the imperial family. Next come the masks of actual ancestors of the imperial family. Since many members of the family did not depart peacefully from the world they governed, their death-masks are often quite alarming -- faces of murdered men.

CLOSE SHOT - FIRST MASKED MAN

The mask that he wears is that of a beautiful woman.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE DAIS

PRIEST

The first ancestress of Germanicus,
so cruelly taken from us... Hail to
the founder of the imperial family.
Hail, to the goddess Venus.

INTERCUT - SWIFT SHOTS

The MASKED FIGURES, the dais, the WEEPING CITIZENS. From time to time the voice of the PRIEST can be heard as he identifies celebrated [forebearers](#).

PRIEST

Hail, King Ancus Marcius...

Also heard are the voices of the CITIZENS:

CITIZENS (V.O.)

Germanicus is dead...
We're alone...
Weep for Rome...
Rome is dead...
Weep for Antonia...

CLOSE SHOT - ANTONIA

The widow is pale but self-possessed.

CITIZENS (V.O.)

Widow...
Noblest of women...
Mother of princes...

CLOSE SHOT - CHILD CALIGULA

He has stopped his dance. Impassively, he hears his own name.

CITIZENS (V.O.)

Mother of Caligula...
The angel...
The love of the army...

CLOSE SHOT - ANTONIA

Listening to the voices.

CITIZENS (V.O.)

Germanicus...
Germanicus...
Germanicus...
Germanicus...
Dead...
Dead...

SINGLE CITIZEN (V.O.)

Murdered!

ANTONIA's face does not change expression but it is plain that she has heard the word "murdered".

LONG SHOT

The line of MASKED FIGURES is near its end.

PRIEST

Hail, to the [greed](#) grandfather of Germanicus. Hail, to Julius Caesar. Now a god.

CLOSE SHOT - DEATH MASK OF JULIUS CAESAR

The face is the face we know from statues but the features are twisted hideously. Julius Caesar looks the way he looked at the moment he was stabbed to death. Since this is a nightmare, the grotesqueness is exaggerated.

CLOSE SHOT - CHILD CALIGULA

He gazes with awe and terror at the face of his murdered ancestor.

MEDIUM SHOT

DRUSILLA is aware that the child is terrified. She puts a comforting hand on CALIGULA's shoulder. With a swift gesture, their mother ANTONIA strikes away the hand. CALIGULA must stand alone.

PRIEST (V.O.)
Hail, to the Grandfather of Germanicus.
Hail to Augustus Caesar!
Now a god.

CLOSE SHOT - DEATH MASK OF AUGUSTUS

The serene face of a very old man (who died un-murdered).

LONG SHOT

The urn containing the ashes of Germanicus rests on a high palanquin carried by EIGHT MEN. It is now abreast of the dais.

PRIEST
Behold the ashes of Germanicus...

Voices shriek with grief. MOURNERS chant. The music is thunderous.

CLOSE SHOT - CHILD CALIGULA

He stands as if turned to stone. Then -- silence.

MEDIUM SHOT

The urn is now at the door to the tomb. Just back of the urn, a tall veiled MAN in his sixties approaches the dais, head pushed forward. At the sight of him, the crowd fall back.

CLOSE SHOT - PRIEST

The PRIEST's voice is still studied, resonant; but the lips tremble.

PRIEST
Hail, to the Father of Germanicus!
Hail, Tiberius Caesar, Emperor of
Rome!

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS

He is now abreast of the dais; **faced** hooded by his mourning robes. On all sides a sighing sound as, softly, the name is pronounced over and over again: "Tiberius"...

Suddenly TIBERIUS pushes back the veil. TIBERIUS'S haggard face is striking...and mottled with eczema. TIBERIUS turns to look up at the FAMILY on the dais.

MEDIUM SHOT

ANTONIA stiffens. The CHILDREN shrink...except for CALIGULA who stands paralyzed at the edge of the dais. Then TIBERIUS reaches forward and picks up CALIGULA.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS

As he looks down at the child, we see not TIBERIUS's real face but the grotesque face from CALIGULA's recurrent nightmare: long-toothed like a wolf's with glitter in his eyes and a leprous skin.

CLOSE SHOT - CHILD CALIGULA

For an instant he is frozen. The he **sreams**.

END MAIN TITLES

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

The young man CALIGULA is screaming in his sleep. The face is -- normally -- pleasant; the hair is thinning in front but thick in back. The body is slightly built.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is in bed, naked beneath a sheet. Beside him is his oldest sister DRUSILLA. The room is typical of a wealthy Roman bedroom of the first century A. D. In other words, it is rather small by this century's standards, with beautifully painted walls; there are no windows. A single door leads to an atrium/courtyard. Except for the bed, a chest, a pair of wrought-silver lamps, there is no furniture. CALIGULA's scream awakens DRUSILLA. She sits up.

TWO-SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

DRUSILLA holds CALIGULA as if he were still a child. She soothes him.

DRUSILLA
Hush...it's just a dream...

CALIGULA
(half-awake)
He'll kill me...

DRUSILLA
(crooning)
No...no...you're safe. You're with me.

Silence. CALIGULA is now wide awake; face covered with sweat. He is breathing hard. He stares a moment at the ceiling. Then he turns to DRUSILLA and smiles.

CALIGULA
What makes you think I'm safe when I'm with you?

DRUSILLA
(smiles)
You're not. I just wanted to...
(mops CALIGULA's face with the sheet)
The same dream?

CALIGULA nods glumly.

DRUSILLA
Our father's funeral?

CALIGULA nods.

DRUSILLS
And the Emperor picks you up...

CALIGULA shudders.

DRUSILLA
But then what happens?

CALIGULA
I wake up. Just before he kills me
the way he killed...

DRUSILLA puts her finger on CALIGULA's lips; indicates they are being
spied on.

INT. ADJACENT ROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

The room is dark except for the light from Caligula's room which shines
through a small hole. A MAN sits, ear to the wall, writing down what he
hears. But now he stops; frustrated, unable to hear.

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA embraces DRUSILLA tight, more with a child's desperation
than with lust.

TWO-SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

CALIGULA
(whispers into her hair)
He killed our father. Our mother.
Our brothers.

DRUSILLA
(low whisper)
Sh-h-h.

CALIGULA
(matching whisper)
I don't want to die.

DRUSILLA
You won't. You can't. You're his
heir. There's no one else.

CALIGULA
(frowns)
There's the boy...

DRUSILLA
He's too young. Tiberius is too old.
(very, very softly)
You will be emperor...soon.

CALIGULA
I will make you queen, wife, consort...

They now speak normally.

DRUSILLA
You can't. I'm your sister.

MEDIUM SHOT

DRUSILLA rolls away from him and starts to comb out her hair.

CALIGULA
(amused)
The Pharaohs of Egypt always married
their sisters.

DRUSILLA
Well, we're not Egyptians, I'm happy
to say. We are proper Romans.

CALIGULA
Not so very proper...
(teasingly)
What's it like with your husband?

DRUSILLA
What's what like?

CALIGULA leaps upon her and begins playfully to simulate the sexual act.

DRUSILLA
Stop being such a child.

CALIGULA
He's terribly fat.

DRUSILLA
He's not. He's just large.

CALIGULA
But tiny where it counts.

DRUSILLA
How do you know?

CALIGULA
I saw him at the baths. Naked. I
felt so sorry for you...

DRUSILLA
(amused, aroused)
You are vile.

TWO-SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

CALIGULA is now making love to her seriously.

DRUSILLA
(whispers)
You are bigger...

CALIGULA
Better?

DRUSILLA
Oh, yes...yes...!

There is a sudden blast of a military horn. The clanking sound of armed men nearby. CALIGULA and DRUSILLA break. Both alarmed.

MEDIUM SHOT

DRUSILLA
What's that?

CALIGULA
(listens)
Commander of the guard.

DRUSILLA
Is he coming here?

They listen to far-off sounds of clattering salutes, incoherent shouts. Then the sounds grow louder as soldiers approach. Quickly DRUSILLA dresses. CALIGULA puts on a robe; takes up a dagger. A SERVANT on the other side of the door speaks in a low voice.

SERVANT (O. S.)
Prince Caligula, may it please your
highness to receive Macro, the cap-
tain of the imperial guard?

CALIGULA
Come in.

DRUSILLA unlatches the door. As the door swings open, she is hidden behind it. MACRO enters.

CLOSE SHOT - MACRO

MACRO is a burly man with an incongruously exquisite manner. He is dressed in full military uniform. He salutes.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA nods to him; puts down the dagger.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND MACRO

MACRO
I'm not interrupting anything...

MACRO looks about; somewhat puzzled; obviously, he has been told that CALIGULA was not alone.

CALIGULA
Only my dreams.

MACRO
Happy dreams?

CALIGULA
(non-committal)
Mmmm. What news from Capri?

MACRO
He wants to see you.

The word "he": is enough to start CALIGULA trembling.

MACRO
There's a ship waiting for you in the
Tiber. You are to leave at first light.

CALIGULA
(dry-mouth)
What...what does he want?

INT. ADJACENT ROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

TWO of Macro's SOLDIERS enter; a single torch illuminates the darkness.
They pounce upon the SPY...who does not struggle.

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

MACRO
Don't worry. You're safe.
(whispers)
We're safe.

CALIGULA
No one's safe, Macro...

MACRO
You're to join the emperor on the
island of Capri. You will then accom-
pany him to Rome

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He is thoroughly alarmed.

CALIGULA
To Rome! Tiberius is coming here?

MACRO (O.S.)

Yes.

CALIGULA

But...why? He hates Rome. He
loves Capri...

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND MACRO

MACRO

One last look, I suppose.
(significantly)
After all, he is seventy-seven...

CALIGULA

(automatically)
May he live forever!
(mutters)
And he will, he will...

MACRO

He won't. But watch out for Nerva.
He is our enemy.

CALIGULA

I know.

MACRO

We'll deal with him. In time.
(voice softens)
Ennia...

CALIGULA

(affects warmth)
Ennia, yes. How is she?

MACRO

(softly)
In love...

CALIGULA

(lightly)
In hell then, as the poets say.

MACRO
Shall I tell her to come here, to you?

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA's eye is on the door that conceals DRUSILLA.

CALIGULA
(quickly)
No...no...no. I'll go to her. We'll
go together.
(gestures)
Let me dress.

MACRO
Yes, Prince.

MACRO leaves the room. CALIGULA shuts the door. He and DRUSILLA stare at one another. Then CALIGULA gets dressed and DRUSILLA helps him, like a mother with a child.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

CALIGULA
(jittery)
He's going to kill me. He's going to
make that boy his heir. I know it. I
know it.

DRUSILLA
He's not. He can't. Don't worry.

CALIGULA
He hated our father. He hates us.
Because the people love us and they
hate him...

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is rummaging in his chest, looking for a cloak. DRUSILLA watches; she wants to be soothing but she, too, is alarmed.

DRUSILLA
But you have Macro...and the guard.
They're all with you.

CALIGULA
(unconvinced)
So they say.

DRUSILLA looks into the chest; she takes out a child's set of military boots.

CLOSE SHOT - BOOTS

DRUSILLA (O.S.)
Your little boots. You've kept them
for good luck?

MEDIUM SHOT - CALIGULA

CALIGULA
Good luck? Yes. At least I pray to
Isis.

DRUSILLA
(quickly)
Not Isis. Her worship is prohibited...

CALIGULA takes the boots and stuffs them into the leather wallet attached to his belt.

DRUSILLA
Go to Ennia.
(ironically)
The beautiful Ennia...

CALIGULA
Go to hell...

A swift embrace.

INT. CORRIDOR

LONG SHOT

The corridor is long and shadowy. Occasional torches set in the wall cast an uneven light. Much clanking, as CALIGULA and MACRO walk a yard or two ahead of the GUARDS' contingent. CAMERA WITH THEM.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND MACRO

As they walk, they talk in low voices.

MACRO
We've nothing to fear.

CALIGULA
With Tiberius there is always some-
thing to fear.

They pass TWO GUARDS.

GUARD
Halt! The password?

MACRO
Justice.

GUARD
Pass.

MACRO
As long as I command the guard, you
are safe.

CALIGULA gives him a swift side-long glance.

CALIGULA
Your loyalty, Macro, is...is...

MACRO
At your service. As is Ennia. My
wife.

CALIGULA
Who will become -- if I am spared --
my wife.

MACRO
And empress of Rome.

CALIGULA
(long exhalation)
And empress of Rome.

INT. ENNIA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is in bed with ENNIA. Both nude beneath the sheet. ENNIA is a good-looking, forceful woman. CALIGULA is a gifted actor and able to disguise from her the fact that he detests her. ENNIA thinks she is using him to become emperor. They have finished making love, and CALIGULA is plainly exhausted.

ENNIA
What's wrong?

CALIGULA
(catches breath)
Nothing...Ennia...love.

CALIGULA remembers to hold her tight. She shuts her eyes; purrs like a cat. He looks down at her with some disgust.

CALIGULA
It's just...I have these dreams.

ENNIA
So do I. Beautiful, beautiful dreams!
All gold and glory...

CALIGULA
(tenderly)
Those are not dreams, but prophesy.
If I live.

ENNIA
You will live. You and I will both live.
Together.
(rising ecstasy)
The two of us. Masters of Rome...

CALIGULA
(smiles)
With Macro?

ENNIA's eyes open.

ENNIA
Are you jealous of my husband, darling boy?

CALIGULA

(warmly)

No. No. I love him, too. Like a...
brother.

ENNIA

(sighs)

We shall be so happy...

ENNIA kisses CALIGULA on the lips.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

The raging temper is kept in control with great effort.

ENNIA (O.S.)

When all the world is ours.

EXT. ISLAND OF CAPRI - DAY

LONG SHOT - FROM THE SORRENTINE COAST

The island of Capri is misty in the distance.

EXT. SEASHORE - DAY

LONG SHOT

A stretch of rocky beach just opposite the island of Capri. Tents have been pitched. Boats are pulled up on the shore. In the middle distance a sizeable ship approaches.

At the center of tents stands a huge statue of Tiberius. Just beneath the statue, CALIGULA dismounts. He is surrounded by an armed retinue.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is greeted by CHAEREA, a colonel in the guards. CHAEREA is a middle-aged man...a very correct, rather prim figure.

CHAEREA

Welcome, Prince. In the Emperor's
name.

CALIGULA

(searches for name)

Thank you...uh...I know...now don't
tell me...you were with my father...

CHAEREA

Chaerea, Prince. I was with your
father in Germany. Many's the time
I used to take you out riding with me...
(fondly)
You with your little boots...

During this CALIGULA has been looking about him at the tents, at the
statue of Tiberius. Meanwhile, a large CROWD has formed to look at him.

CALIGULA

(through CHAEREA)

Where...sorry to interrupt...but
where is my statue?

CHAEREA

I don't know, Prince. I've just been
assigned to the imperial household.

CALIGULA

(angry, a bit panicky)

Someone's moved it. Who?

LONG SHOT

CALIGULA starts through the CROWD. Immediately, he is surrounded
by SUPPLICANTS. They shove documents at him.

SUPPLICANTS

Lord, take this to the Emperor...
I've waited two months to see your
glorious father...
Lord, bless Tiberius for me...
Lord, a petition.
Lord, justice for my family...

Impatiently, shoving aside the SUPPLICANTS, CALIGULA has made his
way past the statue of Tiberius. CHAEREA keeps up with him, as do TWO
GUARDS.

MEDIUM SHOT

A statue of Caligula lies on the ground. It is a good deal smaller than that of the emperor.

CALIGULA
Who did this?

CHAEREA
I have no idea but...

A MASON approaches.

MASON
We did, Lord.

CALIGULA
By whose orders?

MASON
No one's, Lord, We're just making
some repairs, that's all.

CALIGULA
(relieved)
Ahhh.
(looks down at his own
stone face looking up
at him)
Which is more beautiful, Chaerea?
(touches his own face)
This?
(prods statue with his foot)
Or that?

CHAEREA
(taken aback)
Beautiful? I don't know, Lord. I
mean...well, it's a good likeness...

LONG SHOT

But CALIGULA has lost interest. He starts toward the shore. The SUPPLICANTS still entreat him but now they are kept at a distance by GUARDS. CHAEREA accompanies CALIGULA. He points to the sea.

CHAEREA
Your ship, Lord.

CALIGULA
Is my beloved grandfather in good
health?

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND CHAEREA

CHAEREA
Excellent, praise heaven..

CALIGULA
Praise heaven...

CHAEREA
He looks forward to going to Rome
again. To see the Senate. To see his
people.

CALIGULA
It's been a long time, hasn't it? Just
look at them.
(indicates SUPPLICANTS)
They've not seen their emperor for
more than ten years. How sad for them!

EXT. TIBERIUS'S VILLA - DAY

LONG SHOT FROM POV OF SEA

The villa is on a steep rocky cliff facing the Sorrentine peninsula. The
view is spectacular.

LONG SHOT - FROM THE VILLA

There is a sense of remoteness about the villa, an isolation from reality...
not to mention perfect security: GUARDS are everywhere.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is being greeted by NERVA, an elderly senator. NERVA is
a somewhat villainous-looking man which is nature's tedious way of com-
pensation: NERVA's character is most noble.

LONG SHOT

CAMERA takes in the view of the villa: at this ANGLE nothing much is visible beyond a loggia filled with armed MEN at attention. As NERVA greets CALIGULA, we hear their voices:

NERVA (V.O.)
Ten years is a long time for an emperor to be hidden away.

CALIGULA (V.O.)
But if he's happy here...

NERVA (V.O.)
I shall be happier when he is back at Rome.

During this, the two men enter the villa. They walk down corridors, through gardens and courtyards. CAMERA WITH THEM.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND NERVA

CALIGULA
How is he?

NERVA
Old. Like me.

CALIGULA
I mean...uh...how is...?

NERVA
His mood?

CALIGULA
Yes.

NERVA
Like the weather.

CALIGULA
(looks at sky)
The weather's good...today.

NERVA
(cryptically)
But the season is still winter.

NERVA stops at the edge of a courtyard. He turns to CALIGULA. Looks at him hard.

NERVA
I have heard that in the last month seven of my colleagues in the Senate have been put to death. For treason.

CALIGULA
Nine, actually. And five of them cheated: they killed themselves. Most inconsiderate. Don't you agree, Nerva?

NERVA
(sadly)
They were good men..

CALIGULA
(carefully)
If they were good men, why were they found guilty of treason against my beloved grandfather?

CLOSE SHOT - NERVA

This is too much, even for a courtier.

NERVA
(dryly)
You have a gift for logic, Prince.

EXT. GARDEN WITH POOL - DAY

LONG SHOT

A loggia covered with vines half-conceals a DOZEN SOLDIERS at a discreet distance from the pool where TIBERIUS is bathing. As CALIGULA and NERVA pass down the line of SOLDIERS, CALIGULA gives them a brisk commanders' glance: dress parade.

MEDIUM SHOT

Suddenly CALIGULA stops in front of a SENTRY, a tall sturdy youth who is slightly drunk.

CALIGULA
You!

SENTRY
Sir?

CALIGULA
Step forward.

The SENTRY steps forward, unsteadily.

CALIGULA
Drunk!

CLOSE SHOT - SENTRY

SENTRY
(terrified)
Oh, no, Lord!

MEDIUM SHOT

An OFFICER hurries into view.

CALIGULA
Relieve this man.

OFFICER
Yes, Prince.

Then NERVA and CALIGULA, CAMERA WITH THEM, cross the garden to the natural pool which ends in a grotto cut out of the limestone cliff.

EXT. POOL - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

What looks to be some sort of sea monster approaches beneath the water. Then, with a roar, TIBERIUS surfaces and stands erect, water up to his shoulders. He wears a tunic. There is a sticking plaster across the bridge of his eczematous nose.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS
(cheerily)
Caligula...

TIBERIUS extends his hand; CALIGULA kisses it. CALIGULA's manner with TIBERIUS is eager, boyish, sycophantish.

CALIGULA
Lord...beloved grandfather...Great
Caesar.

During this what look to be two large fish are swimming about TIBERIUS. One vanishes under the old man's tunic; the other frolics about his legs.

TIBERIUS
Do your dance, boy...

CALIGULA
(taken aback)
My dance?

TIBERIUS
Yes. The one you used to delight your
father's legions with... Come on, little
boots.

Half-heartedly, CALIGULA begins the military dance. NERVA watches impassively. Suddenly the two fish surface. One is a ten-year-old BOY. The other is a ten-year-old GIRL.

LONG SHOT

TIBERIUS
(fondly)
My little fish. My minnows. All right.
Come on, the rest of you!

From behind the bushes and out of the grotto appear a DOZEN naked pre-pubescent BOYS and GIRLS. Laughing and giggling they dive into the water and begin to play with the old man's legs and genitals beneath the tunic. TIBERIUS is delighted: a happy mood.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS
A shoal of minnows! Oh, my lovely
little fish...
(to CALIGULA)
That's enough, boy. You must take
some dancing lessons.

CALIGULA stops his dance.

NERVA
Caesar, may I present the documents
for your signature?

TIBERIUS
Ah, good old friend. Yes. Of course.
But when you come back, I want you
to talk wisdom to the Prince...as you
do to me.

NERVA bows; and departs.

TIBERIUS
Your arm.

CALIGULA pulls the emperor from the water. TIBERIUS sits on his wet
tunic on the edge of the pool. One arm encircles a BOY, the other a GIRL.
TIBERIUS shouts at the others:

TIBERIUS
All right, little fish. Back to your
acquarium.

The CHILDREN get out of the water and run off. TIBERIUS continues to
fondle the TWO CHILDREN in his arms; absently, he strokes them as
though they were pet animals.

TIBERIUS
Sit down, Caligula.

CALIGULA sits beside TIBERIUS, his legs and feet in the water just like
the emperor's.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND TIBERIUS

TIBERIUS
Do you love me?

CALIGULA

(stammers)

Wha...why...I...but, Lord, yes, I
mean you are...

TIBERIUS

You ought to. I've kept you alive.
Against everyone's advice, may I say.

(suddenly)

Why do you say such terrible things
about me?

CALIGULA

(terrified)

I don't, Caesar. Really. Ever.

TIBERIUS

I hear that you often pray for my death...

CALIGULA

By heaven, I swear...

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS has now got the BOY across his lap. He tickles the BOY's
genitals. The BOY shivers. The GIRL giggles.

TIBERIUS

Anyway, my little fish are fond of me.
Aren't you?

BOY

Yes, kind uncle...

TIBERIUS

(delighted)

They call me Uncle. They are sweet,
aren't they? So young. So unspoiled...

During this he has replaced the BOY with the GIRL. He fondles her inti-
mately; she wriggles at his touch.

TIBERIUS

I do my best to protect their innocence.
It is the least I can do in this foul world...

(MORE)

TIBERIUS (cont.)
 (suddenly dumps both
 CHILDREN into the pool)
 Off with you.

With much splashing, the two vanish into the grotto. TIBERIUS turns to CALIGULA.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND TIBERIUS

TIBERIUS
 I am old.

CALIGULA
 But you are vigorous and...

TIBERIUS
 Of all my family, only you and the boy
 Tiberius are left. All the others...
 (shakes his head sadly)
 Struck down. By fate.
 (pointedly)
 And it is fate, Caligula, that rules us.
 Not any god or gods.

CALIGULA
 I know, Caesar...

TIBERIUS
 I wish you did. But you don't. You
 worship Isis. Which is against the
 law and punishable by death...

CALIGULA
 (close to hysteria)
 No. No...I don't...please, believe me...

TIBERIUS
 (sighs)
 I am lenient. You are young. And
 stupid. Help me up.

CALIGULA helps the old man to his feet. TIBERIUS towers over him.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS

TIBERIUS
Little boots... Just look at you.

CALIGULA (O.S.)
Yes, Caesar?

TIBERIUS shakes his head, and murmurs with a certain wonder:

TIBERIUS
I am nursing a viper in Rome's bosom.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND TIBERIUS

CALIGULA has not quite heard the emperor, but he dares not ask for a repetition. He simply looks obedient, eager, responsive to TIBERIUS's mercurial moods. TIBERIUS takes his arm.

As they walk past the loggia, CAMERA WITH THEM, CALIGULA indicates the half-hidden SENTRY.

CALIGULA
One of the sentries was drunk...on duty.

TIBERIUS
(scowls)
Oh?

TIBERIUS stops at a marble table and chair.

CALIGULA
I relieved him. I hope I did the right thing.

But TIBERIUS is roaring through him:

TIBERIUS
Bring me the drunken clod!

MEDIUM SHOT

There is a good deal of bustle under the loggia; in an instant, the drunken SENTRY is produced. He is escorted by an OFFICER and a SOLDIER to TIBERIUS and CALIGULA. The drunken SENTRY is somewhat sobered but not entirely.

TIBERIUS
(menacingly)
Drunk on duty...

SENTRY
(trembling)
No, Caesar. Lord. I wasn't. Not really.

TIBERIUS
(smoothly)
But you did have a cup or two of wine?

SENTRY
Well, yes, Caesar. But no more. A celebration.

TIBERIUS
(benignly)
What?

SENTRY
My first child...was born, Caesar.

TIBERIUS
A boy or a girl?

SENTRY
A boy, Caesar... My first.

TIBERIUS
Well, that is a cause for celebration
(claps his hands)
Wine!

TWO SERVANTS approach with a flagon of wine and cups which they place upon the table.

TIBERIUS
(to the SENTRY; paternally)
Drink, my son. Celebrate.

SENTRY
(bewildered)
But...on duty...like this?

TIBERIUS
You have our leave...

Nervously, hand shaking, the SENTRY drinks a cup of wine.

TIBERIUS
And another.

TIBERIUS himself fills the cup with red wine. The SENTRY drinks again. CALIGULA watches, fascinated: aware what is coming next.

TIBERIUS
(to CALIGULA)
Now see that our good wine is not wasted...

CALIGULA
Yes, Lord.
(to SENTRY; sharply)
The lacing. To your boot. Quick.

Confused, the SENTRY clumsily removes the lacing from his military boot. He gives it to CALIGULA. CALIGULA then approaches the SENTRY who is taller than he.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

CALIGULA lifts up the skirt of the SENTRY's uniform. Deftly, CALIGULA tucks the skirt under the man's belt. Then he reaches into the SENTRY's breech-clout and removes the genitals. The SENTRY gasps but does not move.

CLOSE SHOT - SENTRY

Deftly, CALIGULA makes a noose with the boot-lacing. Then he pulls the SENTRY's penis through the noose. He looks up at the terrified man. Then he draws the noose as tight as he can. The SENTRY screams; falls back into the chair. As his hands go to his crotch, TWO SOLDIERS hold back his arms.

MEDIUM SHOT

The SENTRY's arms are bound behind him. He writhes in pain. During all this, TIBERIUS has been smilingly benignly. As always, CALIGULA takes his lead from his master. He smiles too. Yet, it should not be clear at this point whether or not CALIGULA does what he does because he enjoys it or because he wants only to please TIBERIUS.

TIBERIUS
Give him more to drink. After all,
this is a day you'll never forget. Will
you, lad?

A groan from the SENTRY as more wine is splashed down his throat.

EXT. VILLA GARDENS - DAY

LONG SHOT

Woods, grottoes, a most sylvan rustic effect...like a painting. At first
TIBERIUS and CALIGULA seems to be alone as they stroll through the
gardens. CAMERA WITH THEM.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS
How will they receive me at Rome?

CALIGULA
With joy...

TIBERIUS
They ought. I have done my best for
my people. I swear that I have...

TIBERIUS pauses at a grotto containing three beautiful adolescents. TWO
GIRLS and a BOY. The BOY has the horns, tail and cloven hooves of a
satyr. The GIRLS are got up as nymphs. They pose like statues for the
emperor.

TIBERIUS
(interrupting himself)
Lovely, aren't they?

CALIGULA
Yes, Caesar. New?

TIBERIUS is now walking among the three youths as if they were indeed
statues. He feels their bodies.

TIBERIUS
(nods)
The satyr is from Illyria...the nymph
from...from...

NYMPH
(softly)
Britain, Lord.

TIBERIUS
Speaking statues.

CALIGULA
The best kind.

CALIGULA touches one of the nymphs delicately but hesitantly...grand-father's property.

TIBERIUS
(curiously)
You prefer nymphs to satyrs?

CALIGULA
(quickly)
I like both.

TIBERIUS
One needs both. To keep healthy.

TIBERIUS claps his hands and the three proceed to make love for him in the most intricate fashion. As TIBERIUS and CALIGULA watch with pleasure, the conversation continues:

TIBERIUS
Never forget that Rome is a republic
and that you and I are simply plain citizens, like any other.

TIBERIUS strokes the buttocks of the SATYR.

TIBERIUS
(to SATYR)
A bit more conviction, please.

The SATYR becomes frenzied in his copulation.

TIBERIUS
That's better.

CALIGULA
But you are a god, Caesar.

TIBERIUS

(sharply)

No. None of that. Not even when I'm dead.

CALIGULA

But your father and grandfather -- Julius Caesar and Augustus -- they are gods now...

TIBERIUS

So we say. And so the people like to believe. But we are only men, Caligula. With one short life to lead.

CAMERA WITH THEM, TIBERIUS leads CALIGULA into a grove where this time TWO BLACK SATYRS and a WHITE NYMPH disport for them.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS

So make life full.

(indicates one of the
BLACKS)

I think he's the best of my stallions.

(to CALIGULA)

Serve the state well even though the people in it are wicked beasts.

CALIGULA

They love you, Lord.

TIBERIUS

No. But at least I've made them fear me.

TIBERIUS turns to the NYMPH who is having difficulty receiving the BLACK.

TIBERIUS

You can take it all. But you must relax. That's right. Don't be so... precious.

(turns to CALIGULA)

I had no choice.

CALIGULA

But, Caesar...

TIBERIUS

(on his own tack)

I actually wanted to restore the old republic. No one believes me. But I really did want to let the Senate govern. The way we still pretend it does. But...

(caresses the three lovers

for a moment; to NYMPH)

there. That wasn't so difficult, was it?

(to CALIGULA)

Men want to be slaves. They want a master. They hate him of course. And Heaven knows it's thankless work. For us. But when we die...or are killed, why, they'll just go and choose someone exactly like us.

(shifts subject to the

LOVERS)

I got these two blacks from Nubia. Ten gold talents for the pair. What do you think?

CAESAR

A bargain, Caesar. They're...dazzling.

TIBERIUS

(very matter-of-fact)

I can do very little nowadays. But I'm an excellent audience.

TIBERIUS fondles the TWO BLACK youths.

LONG SHOT

Then TIBERIUS leads CALIGULA, CAMERA WITH THEM, to a grove where a HALF DOZEN young MEN and WOMEN perform sexually. The effect is like a ballet: each gesture perfect, as if rehearsed. TIBERIUS and CALIGULA wander among the orgiasts; occasionally touching... always watching.

TIBERIUS

I never wanted to be emperor. All I wanted was a private life. I loved my first wife. But Augustus made me divorce her. Made me marry his daughter. I hated that woman. But I had to marry her. Just the way I had to become emperor...

CALIGULA

(genuinely curious)

Why did you...have to become emperor?

TIBERIUS

(off-hand)

To save my life. Had someone else succeeded, I would have been killed. The way you'll be...

CALIGULA is petrified at the tense. TIBERIUS smiles; grimly, he corrects himself.

TIBERIUS

Would be, if you were not my heir.

As they move back toward the villa, NYMPHS and STAYRS present themselves for inspection. Also DWARFS, HUNCHBACKS, MIDGETS.

TIBERIUS

When Rome was just a city and we were all citizens...known to one another...why, we had to be good, frugal, dignified. But then we conquered the earth.

A naked HERMAPHRODITE presents itself to TIBERIUS.

CLOSE SHOT - HERMAPHRODITE

TIBERIUS (O.S.)

Amazing, isn't it? Cost me a fortune. Both boy...

(pulls the creature's penis)

...and girl.

(fondles her breasts)

Lucky creature.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA and TIBERIUS continue through the glades of MONSTERS.
CAMERA WITH THEM.

TIBERIUS

We stole for ourselves the wealth of
the world. And look at us! The Ro-
mans that I rule are not what they were.
No. They lust for money, pleasure,
other men's wives. Yes! I am a true
moralist. And stern as any Cato. Un-
fortunately, fate chose me to govern
swine. I have become a swineherd in my
old age...

EXT. TIBERIUS'S VILLA - THE LOGGIA - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

The SENTRY is now almost unconscious from drink not to mention uremic
poisoning. His stomach bulges hugely. The penis has turned black. The
wine that is still being poured down his throat by another SOLDIER flows
onto the ground.

LONG SHOT

In the middle distance stands NERVA, deeply revolted. With him TWO
SLAVES who hold a table covered with documents. TIBERIUS and CALI-
GULA approach the SENTRY.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS

Well, I think they boy has had enough
celebration for one day, don't you?

CALIGULA

Yes, Lord. Shall we relieve his poor
bladder?

TIBERIUS

It would be the kindest thing.

CALIGULA draws his dagger and plunges it into the SENTRY's bladder.
A single strangled scream; then silence, as blood, wine and urine gush like
a waterfall down the SENTRY's legs.

TIBERIUS
(intones solemnly)
Now...he...is...happy.

CALIGULA
(quickly)
That's from Homer. Meaning he's
dead.

TIBERIUS
(contempt)
It's a pity you were never educated in
those army camps. But I suppose you
know enough to be a swineherd.
(indicates SENTRY)
He was quite full...

CALIGULA
Pity we used red wine. The white is
so much prettier when you mix it with
blood.

NERVA and the SLAVES approach.

TIBERIUS
(amused by CALIGULA)
At least you have an aesthetic sense.
That's something.
(to NERVA)
Nerva, stop scowling at us. And help
me transform this young barbarian
into a Roman Caesar.

NERVA
Which Caesar? Julius? Augustus?
Or yourself?

TIBERIUS
The best one, of course.

NERVA
That would be your father Augustus.

TIBERIUS
(to CALIGULA; amused)
See? How I am insulted to my face in
my own house? All right, Nerva. To
work.

TIBERIUS stands as the SLAVES hold the table level with his chest. NERVA hands him a document.

NERVA
The revised list of candidates for the
equestrian order.

TIBERIUS glances at the document. Then he pronounces the imperial formula as he signs:

TIBERIUS
I, Tiberius Caesar command, in the
name...
(stamps document with
the huge seal ring on his
left hand)
...of the Senate and the people of Rome.

CALIGULA watches with interest: this is the work of the empire.

NERVA
Tax assessments. For Asia. Britain.
And Gaul.

TIBERIUS works quickly, signing and sealing and intoning.

TIBERIUS
I, Tiberius Caesar command, in the
name of the Senate and the people of
Rome...

NERVA
(coldly)
Senators allegedly guilty of treason.

TIBERIUS gives him a quick look; signs, seals, intones.

TIBERIUS
The Senate is the natural enemy of any
Caesar. Every senator thinks of him-
self as Caesar. Therefore every sena-
tor is guilty of treason in thought if not
in deed. Are you listening, Caligula?

CALIGULA
Yes, Lord.

INT. VILLA - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

The dining room is small with three couches. On the center couch lies TIBERIUS, getting drunk. To his right is CALIGULA, very sober and watchful. To TIBERIUS'S left NERVA...disapproving. During this scene elaborate dishes are served by SLAVES. Wine is constantly poured. On the couch beside TIBERIUS is a large box. TIBERIUS's speech seems to continue from the previous scene.

TIBERIUS

You know, the Senate offered to approve any law I made before I made it. Imagine! So I said to them, what if I go mad? What then? No answer. They are born slaves, Caligula. Never forget that. Why, they wanted to make me a god in my own lifetime! No, I said. I am a man. Then they offered me this title and that title. No, I said. I am simply first among you. Of course they would kill me if they could...

There is a **terribly** cry. A MAN tied to a rack is rolled into view by a JAILER. The MAN is in great pain.

TIBERIUS

(startled)

Has the cook gone mad? We're not cannibals.

CALIGULA

Anyway, he's much too stringy...

JAILER

You asked me to bring him to you, Caesar. During dinner, you said.

TIBERIUS

Did I? Oh, yes. Yes...

TIBERIUS does not recall; however, he does not want to be thought to be losing his memory.

TIBERIUS

(to MAN)

Name?

TIBERIUS opens the box at his side.

CLOSE SHOT - BOX

It contains a snake. TIBERIUS caresses the snake.

MAN (O.S.)
Carnalus...

TIBERIUS (O.S.)
Oh. Yes. I should've known. I've
drunk too much wine. You...uh,
wrote a poem, praising...praising...

MEDIUM SHOT

CARNALUS
Brutus. The tyrant-killer.

CALIGULA
That's treason!

TIBERIUS
I know. I know.
(slightly maudlin with
self-pity)
You see how I must live? Surrounded
by bitterness, no matter what I do.
No matter how good my actions.
(to SERVANT)
Flies for the snake.

CARNALUS
Then kill me. Now!

TIBERIUS
Are you not pleased with life?

SERVANT gives TIBERIUS a plate of dead flies.

TIBERIUS
Thank you.
(feeds the snake)
You're hungry, aren't you, darling?

CARNALUS

How can anyone be pleased who has to
live under your bloody tyranny?

CALIGULA

(eagerly)

Lord, let me cut his tongue out!

TIBERIUS

No. No. I have guaranteed absolute
freedom of speech...my solemn word...

CARNALUS

Kill me. Now!

TIBERIUS

Kill you? My dear Carnalus, how
can I? We are not yet friends.

At TIBERIUS's gesture, CARNALUS is carted away.

CALIGULA

I remember when Macro arrested
him...

TIBERIUS

(sweetly)

Macro is your friend, isn't he?

CALIGULA

(nervously)

Lord, he serves you and only you...

TIBERIUS

(to the ceiling)

They're all alike. They desert the
setting...

(touches his own chest
dramatically)

...for the rising...

(points to CALIGULA)

...sun.

(turns to NERVA)

Watch out for Macro when I am dead.

NERVA

I know that he hates me.

TIBERIUS

Because you are wise...because you
are good. So...when I am gone...
beware.

NERVA

(dryly)

I have taken precautions, Caesar.

A shy adolescent enters the room. It is TIBERIUS GEMELLUS. TIBE-
RIUS is now deeply maudlin with drink and self-pity.

TIBERIUS

My child...Tiberius Gemellus...flesh
of my flesh...my own grandson...my
last grandson...come kiss your old
grandfather...

CALIGULA

But I am your grandson, too.

TIBERIUS

(coldly)

Only by adoption. By fate's decree.
(kisses TIBERIUS GE-

MELLUS)

This is the last of my line. Oh, lovely
boy! What, what will become of you?

TIBERIUS holds the boy close to him.

CALIGULA

He is like a brother to me, Lord.

TIBERIUS

A brother, you say? A brother? You
know what that means in our family.
Murder. Brother against brother. Fa-
ther against son. One by one all have
been swept away by fate...

NERVA

Not by fate. By you, Tiberius.

TIBERIUS

(sudden rage)

What?

(then recovers himself)

Ah...yes...Nerva. Old friend.

(takes a deep breath to
sober himself)

If I have had cause to remove from
this world any member of my family,
it is because he turned upon me and
that is blasphemy for I am the chosen
instrument of fate upon this earth.
Challenge me and you challenge heaven
itself.

NERVA

You are not god, Tiberius. Not yet,
anyway. Besides, you don't believe
in Heaven.

TIBERIUS

You're right. I don't. I was over-
stating my case. A fault. I agree.
But I have been given the absolute
power of life and of death. Until I
myself die.

Tears begin at the corners of TIBERIUS's eyes. He pulls TIBERIUS GEMEL-
LUS to him; strokes the boy's hair fondly.

TIBERIUS

(softly, sadly)

Poor boy. When I am gone, Caligula
will kill you.

CALIGULA

No, I swear...

TIBERIUS

But then...

(a slow smile)

...someone will kill Caligula.

INT. BATH

MEDIUM SHOT

A small sunken tub of hot water in a tiled room. NERVA is lying in the small pool; his head rests on the tiled edge. The water is slowly turning red from his slashed wrists. TWO distraught SLAVES are in attendance.

OLD SLAVE

Please, master. Don't leave us.

NERVA

Be happy for me. I am exchanging a prison for...

In the door to the bath appears the tall forbidding figure of TIBERIUS. Behind him is CALIGULA.

TIBERIUS

Nerva! How dare you?

(to SLAVES)

Bind his wrists...

The SLAVES tear strips of cloth from a cloak but NERVA stops them with a loud voice:

NERVA

No.

TIBERIUS

No? To me?

(to SLAVES)

Hurry...

NERVA

(grimly)

If you don't let me die now, I shall find a way to die tomorrow or the day after.

TIBERIUS

But you can't leave me like this. You are my oldest, my dearest friend...

NERVA

But I am leaving you -- like this --
because I am your oldest, your dear-
est friend.

TIBERIUS

Why?

NERVA

To choose the hour of one's own
death is the closest a man can ever
come to tricking fate...

TIBERIUS

Well, I'll trick you. I'll stop this.
(to SLAVES)
Hurry up...

The SLAVES approach NERVA who motions for them to step back. They are
frozen in their tracks.

NERVA

I have lived long enough, Tiberius.
And I hate my life.

TIBERIUS

Why?

NERVA

You ask me why? I have stood by and
watched you murder your family, your
friends, the best men of Rome.

TIBERIUS turns swiftly on the TWO SLAVES

TIBERIUS

Out.

The SLAVES scramble from the room. Meanwhile, CALIGULA watches
the dying man with fascination. And listens, with fear.

NERVA

We were friends years ago.

TIBERIUS

We are. We are!

NERVA

Whatever, we are -- or were -- you
will die soon...

TIBERIUS

(quickly, suspiciously)
How do you know?

NERVA

(ignores this)
And when you are gone, Macro will
kill me.

TIBERIUS

I shall arrest him. Now. Will that
please you? I shall have him execu-
ted. Treason...

NERVA

You cannot control him. But he can
control you. Anyway, even if Macro
were dead, how am I to live with this?

NERVA points contemptuously at CALIGULA

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

The usual sycophantish sweetness of CALIGULA's expression is for an
instant replaced by a mask-like hardness: pre-view of what is to come.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS

(to CALIGULA)
You will always respect my old friend,
won't you?

CALIGULA

Yes, Caesar. I do respect...and
honor him.

TIBERIUS

(to NERVA)
You hear that?

NERVA

Tiberius, you were -- once -- modest,
wise, and learned.

TIBERIUS

(turning away)

Don't taunt me. I know I'm old. I
forget...

NERVA

I have watched you become a monster...

CALIGULA

(softly)

That is treason.

NERVA

That is truth.

TIBERIUS

You are cruel. I am...surrounded by
enemies...in my own family...in the
Senate...

NERVA

So if power was able to destroy the
mind and character of my old friend
Tiberius, what will power do to this
ignorant boy, brought up in army
camps, taught nothing but how to be
your slave?

TIBERIUS

Caligula serves me...well.

NERVA

I make a prophecy: this best of
slaves will be the worst of mas-
ters. So from evils past, and evils
to come, I now escape.

TIBERIUS stands dumbly; tears shine in his eyes.

TIBERIUS

(softly)

You have hurt me.

NERVA
Good-bye.

TIBERIUS reaches out a hand as though to bestow a blessing or receive comfort.

TIBERIUS
You...you...

TIBERIUS suddenly turns and -- in tears -- leaves the room. CALIGULA stares down at NERVA who is growing drowsy in the red-stained bath.

CALIGULA
(low voice)
What is it like?

Eyes shut, NERVA answers:

NERVA
Warm. Pleasant.

CALIGULA
I don't mean the bath.

CALIGULA squats down beside NERVA's head which rests upon the tiles. He stares with intense interest at the pale face: like a scientist observing an experiment.

NERVA
(sleepily)
There's no pain. One just drifts away...

CALIGULA
Is that all?

NERVA
Mmm...

CALIGULA
(urgently)
Do you see her yet?

NERVA
Her? Who?

CALIGULA
(whispering)
The goddess. Isis...

NERVA
(smiles)
So you're one of those. No. There
is no goddess. There's nothing.

CALIGULA
Are you sure?

CALIGULA touches the forehead of NERVA.

CALIGULA
You're growing cold. You're almost
dead.

NERVA
Mmm...

CALIGULA
So what is it like? What's happening?

NERVA
(a whisper)
Nothing.

CALIGULA
You're lying! You can see her, I
know you can. So tell me. Come on.
Quick. Before you go. What is she like?

NERVA
There is nothing...only...sleep...

CALIGULA
Liar!

CALIGULA kicks at NERVA's head. But the old man is already uncon-
scious. He sinks beneath the surface as CALIGULA hurries from the room.

EXT. THE TIBER - NEAR ROME - DAY

LONG SHOT

A ship is anchored in the river Tiber. In the distance can be seen the
city of Rome on its seven hills.

EXT. SHIPBOARD - DAY

LONG SHOT

In the rear of the ship, TIBERIUS sits beneath a canopy. In the prow the imperial GUARD is performing the manual of arms. SAILORS, COURTIERS, SENATORS scurry about on various errands. Attending TIBERIUS are CALIGULA, TIBERIUS GEMELLUS and CLAUDIUS. CLAUDIUS is the family joke. He is a white-haired man in his late forties. He has a nervous tic; stammers; walks clumsily; laughs hysterically for no reason. When angry or frightened, there is a disagreeable tendency to drool.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS sits in his consular chair; there is a board across the arms so that he can sign and seal documents. CALIGULA moves restlessly about. TIBERIUS GEMELLUS sits quietly. CLAUDIUS is sound asleep, back in the ship's mast. A SECRETARY hands TIBERIUS documents; he explains them in a low voice:

SECRETARY

The tax increases for Gaul, Caesar...

TIBERIUS scans the sheet.

TIBERIUS

Yes...yes...yes... Mistake.

(corrects an error; at
large)

Is it midday yet?

PROCULUS is a handsome young officer with an athlete's body and a head of thick curly hair.

PROCULUS

Just past midday, Caesar.

TIBERIUS

Fetch me the snake. It's time for
her dinner.

TIBERIUS stamps the tax bill with his ring, mutters the usual formula.

TIBERIUS

I, Tiberius, command in the name of
the Senate and the people of Rome.

SECRETARY takes paper; then presents a second document for TIBERIUS.

SECRETARY

The oracle at Cumae. She sends you
a message.

TIBERIUS

(half-aloud)

"Beware the power of the mob."

(laughs grimly)

I need no warning at this late date.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA and CHAEREA at the edge of the canopied poop deck. PROCULUS hurries past them on his errand for the emperor.

CALIGULA

Who's that?

CHAEREA

Proculus. A fine young officer. Just
assigned to the household. He's much
admired -- by the ladies.

CALIGULA

(sourly)

He has a lot of hair, doesn't he?

Mine's falling out.

CHAEREA

Proof that you are a Caesar, Prince.
Like your grandfather, like your un-
cle Claudius...

CALIGULA's face lights up with a mischievous grin.

CLOSE SHOT - CLAUDIUS

Although people come and go, CLAUDIUS sleeps soundly, mouth open,
snoring. He holds a handkerchief in one hand.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA approaches his uncle CLAUDIUS. In the background TIBERIUS continues with his paper-work. A SAILOR is rubbing metal with a dirty rag. CALIGULA takes the rag from the SAILOR. Then CALIGULA squats down beside CLAUDIUS. Carefully, he removes the handkerchief from CLAUDIUS's right hand and replaces it with the oily rag. Then he leans forward and whistles as loud as he can into CLAUDIUS's ear. CLAUDIUS awakens with a convulsive start.

CLAUDIUS
Great Heavens! I mean Great August-
tus...what's...what's...where...

CLAUDIUS rubs his eyes with the rag, smearing his face with oil. CALIGULA laughs. TIBERIUS looks up.

TIBERIUS
Claudius, what have you done to your
face?

CLAUDIUS
Face...face...my face, Uncle? What
about my face...? I mean...

As CLAUDIUS shuffles toward TIBERIUS, accompanied by the now demure CALIGULA, the various ATTENDANTS do their best not to laugh. Even TIBERIUS is amused.

TIBERIUS
Go below, Claudius. Wash your face.
(half to himself)
How lucky Priam was to have outlived
all his family!

A blast of trumpets.

EXT. SMALL SHIP - DAY

LONG SHOT

A small ship has come alongside. MACRO climbs the ladder from the small ship to the poopdeck.

EXT. POOPDECK - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS is on his feet, flanked by TIBERIUS GEMELLUS and CALIGULA.
MACRO approaches; salutes.

MACRO
Hail, Caesar!

TIBERIUS
Macro. Greetings. Are they...ready?

MACRO
Yes, Caesar. The consuls and the
Senate are waiting for you at the Pala-
tine dock.

TIBERIUS
Good.

MACRO
Shall I give the order for the ship to
continue?

TIBERIUS
(uncertainly)
No...no...not yet.

TIBERIUS walks away from the others; he stands a moment looking toward
Rome.

EXT. ROME - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV TIBERIUS

The city glitters in the distance.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is now beside the emperor.

CALIGULA
Macro says that the whole city has
turned out. Thousands and thousands
of people to see you...

TIBERIUS

To see if I exist. Or if I'm just a dream.

(sighs)

I hate that city! Everyone for sale. And the smiles! How I hate the constant smiles. And then...the knife in the dark. The poison in the cup...

CALIGULA

You are their father, Lord.

TIBERIUS

No. I am just their...reluctant master.

PROCULUS approaches with the snake's box.

PROCULUS

The snake, Caesar.

TIBERIUS

Did you bring flies?

PROCULUS

Yes, Caesar.

PROCULUS produces a number of dead flies in a twist of parchment.

TIBERIUS opens the box.

TIBERIUS

How is my lovely, my dearest...

CLOSE SHOT - BOX

Inside the box the snake is dead, and covered with ants; it is already half-eaten. TIBERIUS gives a great cry.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS hurls the box over the ship's side. MACRO hurries toward him.

TIBERIUS

(quotes)

"Beware the power of the mob." It is an omen!

TIBERIUS turns to MACRO

TIBERIUS
Tell the captain we're turning back!

MACRO
But, Caesar...

TIBERIUS
(close to hysteria)
Obey me.

MACRO
Yes, Caesar.

TIBERIUS
I shall never set foot in Rome again.

With that, TIBERIUS vanishes below deck. MACRO and CALIGULA look after him with some consternation.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA and MACRO

CALIGULA
Was this the day?

MACRO nods, grimly.

CALIGULA
So...

CLAUDIUS is about to leave the ship.

CLAUDIUS
Good to see you, nephew. Prince, I mean...
(a shriek of laughter)
Rather short visit, wasn't it? But better than nothing, I'll swear. By Augustus, of course...

Giggling, CLAUDIUS climbs over the side. MACRO turns to PROCULUS.

MACRO
Everyone to go ashore except the imperial party.

PROCULUS
Yes, Commander.

MACRO
Tell the captain to weigh anchor.

PROCULUS salutes and goes.

CALIGULA
Tell Ennia, I... I am deprived.

MACRO
I will. She'll be broken-hearted, poor girl.

INT. DRUSILLA'S ATRIUM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

In the middle of a small garden at the center of a courtyard, DRUSILLA reads to her TWO SISTERS a letter from Caligula.

DRUSILLA
"...so the Emperor has decided never again to visit Rome. We are now heading for the open sea. We have no idea what his plans are or where we are going."

EXT. SEA - DAY

LONG SHOT

The ship at sea: a small dot in the blue vastness.

DRUSILLA (V.O.)
"Dearest sister, I cannot wait to hold you in my arms again."

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He is on the poopdeck, alone, looking out to sea.

DRUSILLA (V.O.)
"That is if I am spared by Fate which governs all our days."
(aside to her SISTERS)
My poor child. He's misspelled "governments".

SWIFT SHOTS:

- The ship in port.
- TIBERIUS on deck, receiving DELEGATIONS.
- The ship landing at Misenum.
- TIBERIUS and RETINUE descend. TIBERIUS seems very weak.
- TIBERIUS in a litter.

EXT. STADIUM AT MISENUM - DAY

TIBERIUS at the games: he insists on throwing out a javelin to start the games. He twists his side. A look of agony -- which he tries to disguise from the CROWD.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

Watchful, expectant.

INT. VILLA AT MISENUM - BANQUET HALL

LONG SHOT

The hall is large and shaped like a basilica. Some FORTY GUESTS surround TIBERIUS. He stands at the room's center, greeting each. He is making a great effort to appear hearty. CALIGULA stands beside him.

MEDIUM SHOT

At the edge of the room, MACRO talks to the physician CHARICLES. MACRO's voice is low; his manner furtive.

MACRO

He had some sort of stroke...aboard
ship...just before we landed here at
Misenum...

CHARICLES

(nods)

I noticed that he drags his left leg when
he walks.

MACRO

Charicles, we must find out...
(looks about to make
sure no one is listening)
...how sick he is. How long he will
live.

CHARICLES
If I could examine him...

MACRO
He never lets a physician near him...

CHARICLES
(dryly)
Perhaps he's wise.

MACRO
Go on. Present yourself. At least
see him up close.

CLOSER SHOT - CENTER OF BANQUET HALL

CHARICLES is presented to TIBERIUS by a CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAMBERLAIN
The physician Charicles, Caesar.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS'S HAND

CHARICLES kisses the hand; as he does, we can see his fingers close on the old man's wrist ashe attempts to take his pulse.

TWO SHOT-TIBERIUS AND CHARICLES

TIBERIUS
(evenly)
I know exactly what you're doing, Charicles.

CHARICLES
Lord, I merely...

TIBERIUS
Stay away from me.

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS is aware that the others also know exactly what has happened.
TIBERIUS smiles.

TIBERIUS
Any man after thirty who puts himself
in the hands of a physician deserves a
premature funeral.

CALIGULA leads the laughter at this familiar joke.

TIBERIUS turns to go toward his place at dinner. In the THRONG behind him, MACRO turns to CHARICLES:

MACRO
Well?

CHARICLES
Pulse weak and irregular. Signs of
deterioration in the eyes...

MACRO
How long?

CHARICLES
Not long.

INT. MISENUM VILLA - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

LONG SHOT

The shadowy figures of CALIGULA and MACRO walk down a dim corridor.
CAMERA WITH THEM.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND MACRO

CALIGULA
How long?

MACRO
Not long. So Charicles says.

CALIGULA
(tense)
It must be soon. He's planning some-
thing. I can tell.

They stop at the door to a room. A torch in a wall-bracket flares in CALIGULA's face, revealing the terror.

MACRO
(confidently)
He can do nothing without me.

CALIGULA
So others thought. And where are they?

MACRO
(low voice)
Don't worry. I promise you Tiberius
will never see Capri again.

CALIGULA
You swear?

MACRO
I swear.

MACRO pushes aside a curtain in the doorway.

INT. BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT - POV CALIGULA

ENNIA stands in a seductive attitude; arms outstretched.

ENNIA
My love...

MACRO
(to CALIGULA)
Good night. Sweet dreams.

MACRO claps CALIGULA on the shoulder; smiles at his wife; lets the
curtain fall behind CALIGULA.

INT. BEDROOM

CALIGULA does his duty. He opens wide his arms and ENNIA fills them.

EXT. MISENUM VILLA - EXERCISE GROUND - DAY

LONG SHOT

Young GUARDSMEN are throwing javelins; practicing sword work; archery.
In a loggia, TIBERIUS sits with the usual complement of SECRETARIES

and piles of papers. It is obvious that he is unwell; feeling his age. He seems not to listen to the constant murmur in his ear of a SECRETARY; listlessly, he signs and seals documents. From time to time, he looks at the YOUNG MEN at their exercises. One of them -- easily the most proficient - is PROCULUS.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA sits beside TIBERIUS. He is attentive to every word, mood of his sovereign... On a stool nearby sits TIBERIUS GEMELLUS.

TIBERIUS
(mutters rapidly the formula)
I, Tiberius, command in the name of
the Senate and the people of Rome.

The SECRETARY removes the signed document. Presents another.

SECRETARY
The revised list of pro-consuls which
you...

TIBERIUS
(through him)
That's enough.

The SECRETARY gathers up the documents.

TIBERIUS
Nothing more today. Except I want
to see the...the...
(searches for the familiar phrase)
...uh, Official Gazette, when it arrives!

SECRETARY
(murmurs)
Yes, Caesar.

He goes.

TIBERIUS
(to CALIGULA)
Why do you never exercise?

CALIGULA
But I do, Lord...

TIBERIUS
(sourly)
Only in bed. How is she?

CALIGULA
How is who, Lord?

TIBERIUS
Ennia, the wife of Macro, the commander of my guard...

CALIGULA
(blushes)
I don't know. I mean I see her... I talk to her...that is...

TIBERIUS
You need Macro, don't you? Because when I'm gone, he is the only man who can raise you up or throw you down. Which do you think it'll be?

CALIGULA does not; cannot answer.

TIBERIUS
I know everything...that's said... done...
(long look at CALIGULA)
...thought...
(turns to TIBERIUS GEMELLUS)
Come here, lovely boy. At least you are too young to plot.
(puts his arm around the boy's waist)
Well, not too young perhaps.
(to CALIGULA)
Go on. Practice with the others.

Reluctantly, CALIGULA sheds his cloak. Wearing only a tunic, he goes out onto the exercise ground. SLAVES offer him swords, javelins, bows, arrows. The other YOUNG MEN continue to practice as if he were not there. But all are conscious of him and of the emperor's watchful eye.

CALIGULA takes a javelin. In front of him, PROCULUS has just hit the life-size dummy of a man in the heart, to the applause of the OTHERS.

CALIGULA takes PROCULUS's place. CALIGULA raises his javelin; his hand shakes; the javelin does not even hit the target. There is a soft ripple of laughter behind him. Furiously, CALIGULA turns to see who *is laughing* but all the other YOUNG MEN quickly adjust their faces and look grave.

PROCULUS
(helpfully)
You held the javelin too high, Lord.

CALIGULA
The sun was in my eyes.

But the sun is behind them. CALIGULA takes a sword from one of the SLAVES. He indicates that PROCULUS take the other.

MEDIUM SHOT

PROCULUS is not only larger and stronger than *CALUGLA*, he is by far the better swordsman. Nevertheless, he allows CALIGULA to make points as they duel. But then, suddenly, by accident, he strikes CALIGULA's sword from his hand.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

Dismay and rage.

PROCULUS (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Lord.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND PROCULUS

CALIGULA looks at PROCULUS with perfect hatred.

CALIGULA
You cheated.

PROCULUS
(taken aback)
Why no, Lord. *By* my arm is a bit longer than yours and...

CALIGULA
You were off the line. You cheated...

A loud cry from TIBERIUS.

LONG SHOT - THE LOGGIA (POV CALIGULA)

CALIGULA drops his sword and hurries back to the loggia.

INT. LOGGIA

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS is holding the Official Gazette. He is apoplectic. The frightened TIBERIUS GEMELLUS stands beside him.

CALIGULA
What is it, Caesar?

TIBERIUS
(gasping for breath)
The Gazette. Proceedings of the Senate. I can't believe it. I sent them three criminals. Three magistrates. To be judged. They were guilty of treason. And the Senate...
(thrusts Gazette at CALIGULA who takes it)
Look. I can't...they...they dismissed the charges...said they were only... ONLY... based on an informer...an informer... I, an informer...a mere informer...when I am... When I am...
(can now hardly get the words out)
Oh, this...this is contempt! Give the order. We sail for Capri.

TIBERIUS staggers to his feet. CALIGULA tries to support him but TIBERIUS pushes him away.

TIBERIUS
(growing incoherent)
I have been...I have been... Oh, I have been too lenient.
(MORE)

TIBERIUS (cont.)

(gasps)

Well. Well. Let the Senate beware
because, I swear by Heaven that...
that...

TIBERIUS pitches forward. The SECRETARY and CALIGULA manage to catch him before he strikes the ground. In the middle distance, the OFFICERS continue their exercises; they pretend not to notice as the SECRETARY and CALIGULA, each supporting the unconscious emperor by an arm, half carry, half drag him into the villa. The boy TIBERIUS GEMELLUS follows them; looking as if he has just read his own death warrant.

INT. TIBERIUS'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

TIBERIUS lies very still in the bed. CALIGULA, MACRO and CHARICLES are at the bedside. In the background are TWO of Tiberius's personal SLAVES.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS

The face is pale. He seems not to breathe.

CHARICLES puts his hand to the emperor's chest; then he puts his ear over the heart. Listens. CHARICLES feels for the pulse in the neck. Opens one eye.

MEDIUM SHOT

CHARICLES straightens up.

CHARICLES

All bodily functions appear to have
stopped...

CALIGULA

Is he dead?

CHARICLES

With this sort of seizure...

CALIGULA

Is he dead?

CHARICLES
Yes, Lord. For all practical purposes...

CALIGULA motions to one of the SLAVES:

CALIGULA
The ring.

The weeping SLAVE removes the signet ring from TIBERIUS's left hand. He gives it to CALIGULA who slowly, voluptuously slips it onto his own finger. MACRO kisses CALIGULA's hand.

MACRO.
(softly)
Hail, Caesar.

CHARICLES also kisses CALIGULA's hand.

CHARICLES
Hail, Caesar.

CALIGULA
(to MACRO)
Make the announcement.

MACRO and CHARICLES go. The SLAVES sit crosslegged on the floor, heads bowed in stylized grief. Exultantly, CALIGULA does a step or two of his little dance. Then he crosses to the bed, looks down.

CALIGULA
(softly)
Is death really nothing? Or is the
goddess Isis there, ready to judge you?

There is a sound of wailing; of cheering; of "Hail Caesars" from other rooms in the palace as the news spreads. CALIGULA listens, ecstatic.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS'S FACE

The eyelids flutter. The face twitches as he regains consciousness. But CALIGULA sees none of this; his back is to the bed. He is straightening his toga, preparing to make his entrance into the main hall.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

TIBERIUS is now fully conscious. Weakly, he pulls himself up on the pillow. As he does, he notices that the ring is no longer on his hand.

TIBERIUS
Caligula...

Like a man who has heard a ghost, CALIGULA whirls about.

CALIGULA
(face ashen)
Lord!

TIBERIUS
(full command)
Give me the ring.

For an instant, CALIGULA simply stares, petrified. Then he motions for the startled SLAVES to withdraw. They vanish behind a curtain.

CALIGULA
(softly)
No.

TIBERIUS
(firmly)
Yes.

With a shaking hand CALIGULA draws his dagger. He approaches the bed. TIBERIUS does not shrink.

TIBERIUS
(contempt)
You do not dare...

CALIGULA raises the dagger to strike.

TIBERIUS
(shouts)
Guards!

CALIGULA drops the dagger with a crash; he starts to bolt from the room. At the door, he collides with MACRO. CALIGULA is wild with terror.

CALIGULA
He...Macro...he's not... He's...

TIBERIUS
 (ominously)
 "He" is still emperor of Rome, Macro.

TIBERIUS starts to get out of bed.

MACRO
 Yes, Lord. He is.

Swiftly MACRO crosses to the bed; he seizes a pillow. TIBERIUS tries to get to his feet but he is hampered by the blankets. MACRO shoves the pillow into TIBERIUS's face. TIBERIUS struggles with considerable vigor for one so old. But then it is all over. MACRO removes the pillow.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS

TIBERIUS is dead. The twisted open mouth records the last struggle for breath: the face resembles the face from Caligula's nightmare.

MACRO (O.S.)
 (finishing his sentence)
 Caligula is Emperor of Rome.

CALIGULA
 (babbling)
 Are...are you sure...he's...

MACRO
 Yes. Get yourself ready. Everyone
 is waiting in the great hall.

CALIGULA
 Macro...I shall never forget this.

MACRO gives him a smiling salute and goes. CALIGULA looks at the dead TIBERIUS. Then he claps his hands. From behind the curtain the TWO SLAVES, reluctantly, appear.

CALIGULA
 Send for the embalmer. Prepare the
 death mask.

SLAVE
 Yes, Caesar.

CALIGULA starts to the door, confidence returning. At the door, he pauses.

CALIGULA

You saw what happened, didn't you?

Terrified, the SLAVES shake their heads.

CALIGULA

Don't lie to me.

SLAVE

Lord, Caesar, we saw nothing...nothing.

CALIGULA

Listen carefully. You're safe. If you remember exactly what you saw.

SLAVE

Yes, Lord.

CALIGULA

So... What did you see?

SLAVE

The commander, Lord. Macro. He took a pillow... He...

The SLAVE breaks down.

CALIGULA

Good. You will write out an account of what happened. You will both sign it. Meanwhile, speak of this to no one.

TWO SLAVES

(together)

Yes, Caesar.

CALIGULA

Until I give you leave.

CALIGULA goes. The TWO SLAVES stand over the body, unable to believe that TIBERIUS is really dead.

INT. GREAT HALL AT MISENUM

LONG SHOT

The hall is crowded with excited COURTIERs, SECRETARIES, OFFICERS. ENNIA is triumphant. MACRO is cool and commanding as he stands on the dais beside the empty Emperor's chair.

MACRO
Our beloved father died peacefully.
The gods were gracious. As gracious
to him, as they are now to Rome.

FAR END OF ROOM - POV MACRO

CALIGULA has appeared in the doorway. The others do not see him, their eyes on the dais.

MACRO
Hail, Caesar!

LONG SHOT

Everyone turns. When they see CALIGULA in the door a great shout goes up:

CROWD
Hail, Caesar.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

The face is grave, imperial, sad. But the eyes glitter with absolute delight. He has survived. He is emperor.

LONG SHOT - POV MACRO

Slowly CALIGULA makes his way to the dais. The CROWD parts for him. As he passes, everyone kneels. Some kiss the hem of his toga, his hands.

CALIGULA steps with great dignity onto the dais. MACRO kneels and kisses the hand with the signet ring. Then CALIGULA sits on the imperial chair.

MEDIUM SHOT

The last "Hail Caesar" has stopped. When there is silence, CALIGULA speaks in a low voice, choked with emotion. If nothing else in all his years at Tiberius's court, CALIGULA has become an excellent actor.

CALIGULA

It is with the deepest sorrow that I
take up the heavy burden of the state.

CUT TO:

INT. SENATE

LONG SHOT

The Senate house is crowded with SENATORS in their togas. CALIGULA's speech continues from the scene before, as he stands beneath the Statue of Victory in the apse of the Senate.

CALIGULA

Tiberius, of beloved memory, was, to
me, always, a guide, a father, a ruler
to be emulated.

CAMERA PANS about the Senate chamber. Close at hand: DRUSILLA and her TWO SISTERS: all in mourning. DRUSILLA's face is solemn but she is plainly delighted. MACRO stands to CALIGULA's left; he, too, is well pleased...as is ENNIA with a group of NOBLE LADIES at the other end of the chamber, and CHAEREA at the door to the chamber. In fact, everyone is delighted with the new sovereign.

CALIGULA

For twenty-three years Tiberius was
our father. And we -- all of us --
were his children.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

CALIGULA has managed to work himself into tears.

CALIGULA

As he was dying, he begged me to
carry on his good work...

From outside the Senate chamber a man's voice is heard:

MAN (O.S.)

To the Tiber with Tiberius! Chuck
him in the river!

There is a gasp in the Senate chamber. CALIGULA has heard. But he continues.

LONG SHOT

CALIGULA

I shall do my unworthy best. Now,
exercising those powers you have with
such goodness entrusted to me, I or-
der the release of all those held in the
prisons, no matter what the charge...

CALIGULA's voice is drowned out with hysterical cheering from the Senate.
CALIGULA raises his voice and there is silence.

CALIGULA

All those who have been exiled from
Rome, I do now recall. I grant them
amnesty and...

Cheers again drown out his voice.

EXT. AUGUSTUS'S MAUSOLEUM - DAY

LONG SHOT

A realistic version of an imperial funeral, which we have seen before only
in nightmare. But this time the Emperor CALIGULA does not follow the
ancestral procession the way Tiberius did. Instead CALIGULA stands with
his THREE SISTERS on the platform at the tomb's entrance. The CROWD
is silent, not daring to express their hatred of the old emperor in the
presence of their splendid new sovereign.

As the MASKED FIGURES pass, CALIGULA grows more and more nervous.
The nightmare keeps recurring to him in swift subliminal SHOTS. Uncon-
sciously he starts his little dance. DRUSILLA takes his arm.

DRUSILLA

(whispers)
Don't. It's all right.

CALIGULA stops the dance.

CALIGULA

(whispers)
It's like the dream.

At that moment in the procession, a FIGURE wearing Tiberius's death
mask appears.

CLOSE SHOT - DEATH MASK OF TIBERIUS

Face hideous, as in the moment of suffocation.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

The sweat starts on his face; he trembles. He is totally disoriented.

CALIGULA
(mutters)
Isis...goddess...save me...

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

DRUSILLA
It's only a mask.

CALIGULA
Am I dreaming?

DRUSILLA
No. It's not a dream. He's dead.
And you're alive. You are Caesar.

CALIGULA
(with wonder)
I am Caesar...now?

DRUSILLA
You are lord of the world.

CALIGULA
Lord of the world.
(slow smile)
I like this dream. Even if it's not real.

DRUSILLA
You are Emperor of Rome.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

The shadows have past. He knows exactly who he is and where he is.
The CROWD is now shouting in unison over and over the syllables of his name:

CROWD

Cal - ig - u - la!

A radiant ecstatic smile lights up his face.

EXT. THE IMPERIAL PALACE ON PALATINE HILL - DAY

LONG SHOT

The palace is a series of porticoes, buildings, pavilions all piled one upon another at the edge of the Forum.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Standing on a palanquin, CALIGULA is carried through the CROWD. People are ecstatic. They adore him. Want to touch him.

VOICES

Oh, the darling...
Star of Rome...
Sweet child...
Dearest baby...
Pet...

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He is exalted by the love of the MOB. Throws coins to them.

INT. PALATINE BASILICA

LONG SHOT

A crowd of SENATORS, OFFICERS, OFFICIALS, among them CHAEREA, TIBERIUS GEMELLUS, CLAUDIUS, MACRO.

CALIGULA sits on a dais, wearing the imperial toga. The chief secretary LONGINUS stands beside TWO SLAVES who hold a table piled high with documents. There is a murmur of voices until a large solemn CHAMBER-LAIN pounds on the floor with his staff.

CHAMBERLAIN

Silence! Great Caesar wishes to speak.

The room is immediately quiet.

CALIGULA

My lords. We begin a new era. Old quarrels are to be forgotten. Old fears we now put to rest.

A happy murmur from the assemblage.

CALIGULA

At the insistence of the Senate and the people of Rome, I accept the highest office of the Republic, the Consulship.

Discreet applause.

CALIGULA

As my fellow consul, the Senate and the people of Rome have chosen my beloved and wise uncle Claudius...

A slight inadvertent gasp, followed by [syncophantish](#) applause. CALIGULA keeps a straight face during this.

CLOSE SHOT - CLAUDIUS

He is in the CROWD, mouth open; stunned.

CALIGULA (V.O.)

Claudius...

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA

Come take your place beside me.

CLAUDIUS plunges forward in the direction of the dais; he nearly falls.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He is trying hard to keep from laughing.

MEDIUM SHOT

CLAUDIUS is now on the dais - cringing and drooling.

CLAUDIUS
Caesar...Caligula...I mean Consul...

Suddenly CLAUDIUS gives a great shriek of hysterical laughter. There is a responding laugh from the room. CALIGULA casts a cold eye upon the ASSEMBLAGE. There is silence. Then CALIGULA extends his hand and CLAUDIUS kisses it. Looks for a chair. Finds none. He steps back into the apse, trying to become invisible.

CALIGULA
In accordance with the wishes of my beloved predecessor, I herewith adopt as my son and heir, Tiberius Gemellus.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS GEMELLUS

A nervous smile.

MEDIUM SHOT

The SLAVES have put the table in front of CALIGULA. He signs and seals the document of adoption. Then he rises.

CALIGULA
Come forward...my son.

TIBERIUS GEMELLUS is taken into CALIGULA's arms briefly. Then he stands at CALIGULA's right.

CALIGULA
I now make legal the worship of the goddess Isis...

Murmurs from the ASSEMBLAGE. CALIGULA signs and seals another document.

CALIGULA
I also accept the following titles offered me, most generously, by the Senate and the people of Rome. I shall be known as "Pious", as "Father of the Nation" and, of course, as "Caesar". All official oaths will contain the phrase, "I will not value
(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)
my life or that of my children less
highly than I do the safety of the Em-
peror and of his sisters..."

PAN about the room as this highly irregular oath is duly registered.

CALIGULA
I also...

CUT TO:

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

The room is only a bit larger than CALIGULA's original palace bedroom. In one corner there is a shrine to the child Caligula. On a frame is the miniature army uniform he wore, including the two little boots. DRUSILLA lies on the bed, fully clothed. CALIGULA wears a tunic. He is in a manic good mood.

CALIGULA
You should've seen their faces when I
told them that they had to swear not
only to me but to you -- and to our
idiot sisters.

DRUSILLA
(amused)
They must've been appalled.

CALIGULA
I hope so.

DRUSILLA
But is it wise? To upset them? Won't
they...

CALIGULA hops onto the bed beside her; he kisses her.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

CALIGULA
Love...I can do...
(kisses her again)
(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)
 ...anything...
 (a kiss)
 I like...
 (a kiss)
 ...to anyone.

The smiling boyish face does not lose its charming expression. But DRUSILLA is suitably chilled.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

DRUSILLA
 Well, don't start with me...

CALIGULA rolls away from her.

CALIGULA
 (lightly)
 All right. I won't.

DRUSILLA
 (a smile)
 Well, you can start that. I just meant...

A soft scratching at the door.

CALIGULA
 (irritably)
 What is it?

LONGINUS (O.S.)
 Caesar, you asked for the guards to
 assemble in the palace stadium...

CALIGULA
 (to DRUSILLA)
 Do you realize I shall never be alone
 again for one minute as long as I live?

DRUSILLA
 You were never alone before. Only
 this time you're the jailor not the
 prisoner. Go on. Get up.

DRUSILLA is on her feet; she takes CALIGULA's cloak and helps him into it.

DRUSILLA

What are you going to do about Ennia?
She's told everyone you plan to marry
her.

For answer, CALIGULA gives her a quick sly look. Then he scribbles a short message on a piece of paper and stuffs it into his belt.

CUT TO:

PALACE CORRIDOR

LONGINUS and a number of GUARDS accompany CALIGULA. As they pass a half-open door, CALIGULA pauses; looks in.

INT. SERIES OF ROOMS - POV CALIGULA

LONG SHOT

The BOYS and GIRLS from Capri. Some are nude. Others are got up as fauns and nymphs.

INT. CORRIDOR

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA pushes open the door.

INT. SERIES OF ROOMS

Accompanied by LONGINUS, CALIGULA walks from one small room to the next, CAMERA WITH HIM. The BOYS and GIRLS pose provocatively. In one room, TWO DWARFS simulate the sexual act. CALIGULA turns to LONGINUS.

CALIGULA

Longinus, why are they here?

LONGINUS

The Emperor Tiberius always liked
them with him when he was in residence...

CALIGULA

(very hard)
Kill them. All of them.

A gasp from those who have heard him. CALIGULA goes back to the corridor, CAMERA WITH HIM. LONGINUS hurries after him.

CALIGULA
By drowning.

INT. CORRIDOR

MEDIUM SHOT

Moans, shrieks from the condemned YOUTHS. CALIGULA slams the door shut.

LONGINUS
But, Caesar, they are valuable slaves.
A part of your inheritance...

CALIGULA
Kill them. Sell them. I don't care.
But get rid of them.
(mutters)
Filthy lecherous old goat...

EXT. PALATINE STADIUM - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

CALIGULA is in the imperial box. Below him, the GUARDS are lined up in the stadium. With CALIGULA are MACRO, CHAEREA, and TWO other SENIOR OFFICERS.

MEDIUM SHOT

A chorus of voices from the stadium.

VOICES
Hail, Caesar!

Then loud rhythmic clanking as swords strike shields in salute.

CALIGULA
(powerful voice)
To each of you...to celebrate...our
elevation...and the beginning of our
reign...ten gold pieces...

A roar of delight from the GUARDS below. CALIGULA turns away.

CALIGULA
(dryly)
That should hold them for a while.

MACRO
Most generous, Caesar. It's been
years since Tiberius gave them any-
thing...

CALIGULA
(suddenly dangerous)
Are you criticizing my beloved grand-
father?

MACRO
(taken aback)
Uh... Yes. No, Caesar.

CALIGULA has stepped out of the box. A company of GUARDSMEN are
lined up. CALIGULA, CAMERA WITH HIM, walks down the line of GUARDS.
At one end stands PROCULUS. While CALIGULA appears to inspect the
guard, he speaks in a low voice to MACRO:

CALIGULA
How is Ennia?

MACRO
She waits for you, Caesar.

CALIGULA
And I wait for her.

They are at the end of the line. PROCULUS salutes smartly. Next to him
stands CHAEREA.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA
I know you...

PROCULUS
Proculus, Caesar.

CALIGULA positively beams up at the tall young man.

CALIGULA

I seem to remember you are a great athlete.

PROCULUS

Whatever I am, it is for Caesar.

CALIGULA

(nods)

Yes.

CHAEREA

Caesar, Proculus is to be married this month. To Livia Orestilla.

CALIGULA

My compliments. Perhaps I will come to the wedding...

PROCULUS

The honor would be too great.

CALIGULA

(serenely)

Let us be the judge of that.

CALIGULA turns away. MACRO is now leading the way back toward the palace.

For an instant CHAEREA is beside CALIGULA. Swiftly, CALIGULA takes from his belt the note that he wrote in the bedroom. He jams it into CHAEREA's hand. During this, CHAEREA keeps a straight face; neither breaks stride.

CALIGULA looks about to see if anyone has noticed. No one has.

INT. LOGGIA OF CALIGULA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

MEDIUM SHOT

Side by side on a divan, lie CALIGULA and ENNIA. He is drinking wine rather heavily. ENNIA is radiant with happiness. Through columns, the temple of Jupiter on Capitol Hill is visible. It is early evening...a pink and gold sky.

ENNIA

The divorce will only take a few days...

CALIGULA speaks with a staginess that she does not notice:

CALIGULA
How can I live that long without you?

ENNIA
We must both be strong. And then...
we shall have all our lives together.
And after that -- all eternity!

CALIGULA
(murmurs)
Oh, joy... Joy!

ENNIA
I have enrolled as a priestess of Isis.

CALIGULA
My dream come true!

ENNIA
We shall live here, won't we? In Rome.

CALIGULA
Wherever you like, beloved Ennia.

ENNIA
I love Rome. But I love anywhere
with you. Just as long as we're not
hidden away in the country. Or on an
island like Capri. I do hate Capri.

CALIGULA
Ennia, I swear to you by...by me, by
Caesar...that you will never, ever
see Capri again.

ENNIA
(embracing him)
I do love you. Worship you...

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA pushes her away. Looks out through the columns of the loggia.

CALIGULA
The sun's almost set.

ENNIA
What's wrong?

CALIGULA
(suddenly nervous)
Nothing. I was expecting a message...
What about Alexandria?

ENNIA
Alexandria? In Egypt?

CALIGULA
(nods)
I thought we might move there.

ENNIA
But the Senate...I mean...well, this
is Rome...

CALIGULA
No, Ennia. I am Rome. And wherever
I am, there...
(intones pompously)
There is the Senate and the people of
Rome.

ENNIA
You do make me laugh! The way you
say that.

CHAEREA enters with LONGINUS.

LONGINUS
Forgive us, Caesar.

CALIGULA leaps to his feet. ENNIA covers herself modestly with a sheet.

CALIGULA
Is it done?

CHAEREA glances at ENNIA. Then he nods.

CHAEREA
He has been arrested and charged with murder.

CALIGULA

Good. Longinus, the commission.

LONGINUS hands CALIGULA a scroll.

CALIGULA

You, Chaerea, are herewith made
commander of the imperial guard...

ENNIA

What?

(stands)

Where is Macro? Where is my husband?

CHAEREA

He has been arrested. For treason.

ENNIA

It's not possible. Macro is perfectly --
totally loyal. He worships you, Cali-
gula.

CALIGULA

(solemnly)

I know. And believe me, I...I'm **more**
distressed than you are.

ENNIA

(confused)

But if he's loyal to you, and you know
that he is, then what has he done?

CALIGULA

(officially)

Your husband Macro at the town of Mi-
senum, on March the sixteenth, mur-
dered my beloved grandfather Tiberius
Caesar, Emperor of Rome.

INT. COURTROOM

BRIEF SHOTS

- Tribunal of JUDGES, listening.
- MACRO in chains.
- Tiberius's SLAVES testifying.

During this CALIGULA's VOICE from the previous scene continues:

CALIGULA (V.O.)

The murder was witnessed by two
servants. Each has presented an eye-
witness account. I myself knew of the
tragedy only after the fact.

INT. COURTROOM

CLOSE SHOT - TRIBUNAL

JUDGE

We find you, Macro, guilty of the mur-
der of our great sovereign Tiberius
Caesar and for this crime we condemn
you to death...

INT. CALIGULA'S LOGGIA - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA reclines on a couch studying a document. DRUSILLA sits be-
side him. LONGINUS and CHAEREA stand at attention.

CALIGULA

We are not inclined to mercy.
(gives the document to
LONGINUS)
Let Macro be executed...

LONGINUS

And his wife...Ennia?

CALIGULA and DRUSILLA [exchanged](#) an amused glance.

CALIGULA

Exile. But we must be kind. After all,
she is only a woman. Take her to the
island of...Stromboli.
(to DRUSILLA)
Ennia has a passion for islands.

LONGINUS bows and goes. CHAEREA salutes.

CALIGULA

Well, Commander of the guard, have
I done the right thing?

CALIGULA picks up a hand mirror; he makes hideous faces in it.

CHAEREA

(nods)

They hated Macro, Caesar.

CALIGULA

Good. I always like to do the right thing.

(waves for CHAEREA

to withdraw)

It is a terrible thing to be hated.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

This strikes both CALIGULA and DRUSILLA as very funny and they giggle like children as soon as CHAEREA is out of sight.

CALIGULA

(stretches; exultantly)

Now we're safe.

DRUSILLA

(seriously)

Emperors are never safe.

CALIGULA

Come here.

DRUSILLA lies beside him on the couch.

CALIGULA

I want to marry you.

DRUSILLA

You can't. We're not Egyptians.

CALIGULA

I admit we're much more beautiful...

CALIGULA looks at himself in the hand-mirror: affects an angelic expression.

DRUSILLA

And Rome is not Egypt. And stop looking at yourself like that.

CALIGULA

Then let's go to Egypt. After all,
that's where Isis lived...where Isis
lives...

DRUSILLA

You are a fool.

CALIGULA

(a terrible face)
Caesar cannot be a fool.

DRUSILLA

Caesar is doing his best. Little boots,
they'll throw you in the Tiber if you
try to move the government.

CALIGULA

(reasonably)
But I can do anything I like.

MEDIUM SHOT

DRUSILLA gets off the bed; and changes the subject.

DRUSILLA

I'm going to find you a wife.

CALIGULA

You are going to be...

DRUSILLA

(firmly)
You are not going to marry your sis-
ter. You are going to marry a respec-
table Roman lady of the senatorial
class. Then you are going to have an
heir...

CALIGULA

(gloomily)
Who will kill me when he grows up.
Which reminds me, I must do some-
thing about young Tiberius.

DRUSILLA

Leave the boy alone. He's no threat.

CALIGULA stands up, still holding the mirror into which he practices hideous faces.

CALIGULA

He's my heir. That's a threat.

(new thought)

Oh, you should've seen uncle Claudius at the Senate. When it came time to make his speech, as consul, he farted. Twice.

DRUSILLA

(on her own tack)

Listen. The priestesses of the Great Goddess are meeting at my house tonight. Most of them are ummarried...

CALIGULA

(interested)

Virgins of blameless reputation?

DRUSILLA

Yes. And of good family...

CALIGULA

And you want me to marry one of them.

DRUSILLA

Yes.

CALIGULA

No.

DRUSILLA

(knows how to handle him)

You will come disguised as a woman.

CALIGULA brightens at this.

CALIGULA

Hmm. Do the priestesses really have orgies with each other?

DRUSILLA

Of course we don't. We're very serious. And very religious.

INT. DRUSILLA'S HALL

LONG SHOT

Some FIFTY WOMEN in priestess's robes are moving about the room making intricate balletic gestures. A small effigy of the Great Goddess stands at one end of the room. In front of the statue is a brazier filled with burning incense. Each woman ritually throws incense onto the fire.

CALIGULA is got up most convincingly as a woman. The others pay no attention to him as they go about their ceremonies.

POV CALIGULA

CAMERA PANS the WOMEN carefully. Some are very young, handsome. Casually, DRUSILLA approaches CALIGULA.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

DRUSILLA
Well?

CALIGULA
When do they take their clothes off?

DRUSILLA
Don't be disgusting!

CALIGULA
I'm being practical. How can I marry
a woman...

CALIGULA stops; he has seen an attractive girl.

CLOSE SHOT - GIRL (LIVIA)

She is young, pretty, virginal.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

CALIGULA
I like that.

DRUSILLA (O.S.)
That's Livia. She's taken. She's
marrying one of your officers. Pro-
culus.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA

He's the one they call the beautiful cherub. Well, I'll send him to Gaul or Spain...

DRUSILLA

She's a virgin. And very boring. Not your style.

CALIGULA has now seen what he likes. A WOMAN throwing incense on the brazier.

CALIGULA

That will be my wife.

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

An elegant, sensual-looking woman in her thirties. She holds herself well; moves gracefully.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

DRUSILLA

(alarmed)

Oh, no. Not Caesonia.

CALIGULA

(irritably)

You're impossible. You ask me here to find a wife. The first one that I like you say is too boring. And then the second is...well, what is she?

DRUSILLA

The most promiscuous woman in Rome.

CALIGULA

Go on. Tell me all the gossip. I've been in Capri for the last three years. Remember?

DRUSILLA

Caesonia is divorced. She has three daughters. She spends money as if she
(MORE)

DRUSILLA (cont.)
owned the mint. She is always in debt.
She sleeps with everyone.

CALIGULA
I want her.

DRUSILLA
For a wife?

CALIGULA
Send her to me. Now.

CALIGULA turns to leave the hall.

DRUSILLA
(alarmed)
Not now. Not here. Later...

CALIGULA
Now. Here.

DRUSILLA
But...

CALIGULA
(through her, mocking the
famous formula)
Such is the will of the Senate and the
people of Rome.

INT. DRUSILLA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA lies on the bed. He is still dressed as a priestess. CAESONIA enters. A long moment. Then she smiles.

CAESONIA
You are very convincing as a priest-
ess, Caesar.

CALIGULA
So are you.

CALIGULA stretches out his hand. She comes forward; takes it. Though she obeys him, implicitly, there is a cool remoteness about her, the suggestion of something intimate withheld.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND CAESONIA

They make love. At first gently, fully clothed. then they become frenzied as their robes are torn away. During this, we hear Caligula's voice:

CALIGULA (V.O.)
I have never met a woman so exciting,
so mysterious...

DRUSILLA (V.O.)
Well, it is a mystery that you now
share with half the men in Rome.

CALIGULA (V.O.)
I don't care. I want her.

IMPERIAL BOX AT THE GAMES - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA and DRUSILLA are talking as GLADIATORS fight beneath them in the stadium. Both DRUSILLA and CALIGULA are seated on thrones. Just back of them are the other TWO SISTERS. LONGINUS stands at one side. CHAEREA at the other. GUARDS in the back. CALIGULA and DRUSILLA continue their conversation from the previous scene:

DRUSILLA
You have her already.

CALIGULA
I've told her that I'll marry her...

DRUSILLA
Don't!

CALIGULA
(pleased with his own
cunning)
But first she must give me a child.

DRUSILLA
How on earth will you ever know that
it's yours?

CALIGULA
(grins)
I shall have her well-guarded.

DRUSILLA
Then one of the guardsmen will be the
father.

CALIGULA
(mimics DRUSILLA)
Don't be disgusting.
(sighs)
How I hate these bloody games.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

GLADIATORS are hacking at each other with spears, short-swords, tri-
dents. The CROWD adores the spectacle.

CALIGULA
I'm introducing Trojan dancing next
week...

DRUSILLA
You really want to make your people
suffer, don't you?

CALIGULA
(disgust)
Animals. That's what they are.

CAMERA PANS among the CROWD. The people tend to be hideous: deformed,
from illnesses, wounds. But all are excited by the bloodiness of the spec-
tacle. CAMERA PANS to a group of young OFFICERS. One of them is
PROCULUS.

CLOSE SHOT - PROCULUS

He is watching the GLADIATORS with some fascination; he is dressed in
civilian clothes.

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

CALIGULA has seen PROCULUS. He looks mischievous.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA motions to LONGINUS.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

TWO GUARDS approach PROCULUS. They lift him out of his seat. He struggles. But they swing him over the barrier into the arena. PROCULUS drops to his feet onto the sand. A roar goes up from the CROWD. One of the GUARDS throws PROCULUS a sword.

INT. IMPERIAL BOX.

MEDIUM SHOT

DRUSILLA
(to CALIGULA)
What have you done?

CALIGULA
Watch.

EXT. ARENA - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

FOUR GLADIATORS turn on PROCULUS. They are armed, respectively, with a spear, a trident, a sword, a dagger. They converge on PROCULUS.

SWIFT SHOTS:

- PROCULUS fighting, sweating.
- One by one, he defeats all four.
- The CROWD is ecstatic.
- When the last GLADIATOR falls, PROCULUS crosses toward the imperial box.

CLOSE SHOT - PROCULUS

He is sweating, bleeding. He looks up at CALIGULA...still uncertain what has been done to him, or why.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

For a moment he scowls.

DRUSILLA (O.S.)
He was superb, wasn't he?

CALIGULA nods. Then he flashes a radiant smile and gets to his feet.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

CALIGULA
(powerful voice)
For Proculus. The crown of victory!

CLOSE SHOT - PROCULUS

He is much relieved; he bows low to the Emperor. ATTENDANTS around him. He is crowned.

CALIGULA (O.S.)
(rather hurt)
I thought he'd be killed.

DRUSILLA (O.S.)
Why? When he's so beautiful..

INT. CLERKS' OFFICE

LONG SHOT

A large room with a long table at which CLERKS copy out documents. LONGINUS presides at a desk. As CALIGULA and CAESONIA enter, LONGINUS rises and kisses CALIGULA's hand. The other CLERKS rise -- but CALIGULA waves for them to sit down.

CALIGULA
(to CLERKS)
Back to your scribbling. Longinus.

LONGINUS
Yes, Caesar.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA
Caesonia says that I have been neglecting my work. So I report for duty.

CAESONIA smiles. LONGINUS indicates a stack of papers.

LONGINUS
Your signature and seal, Lord.

CALIGULA goes to work.

CALIGULA
(mutters the formula)
I, Caligula, command in the name of
the Senate and people of Rome...

Then, bored with the usual mumbled formula, he begins to sing it while signing and sealing at a great rate. No one cracks a smile. Suddenly he stops. Stares at a petition.

CALIGULA
The Senate would like to make Tiberius a god...

LONGINUS
Yes, Caesar.

CALIGULA smiles his cheerfully malicious smile.

CALIGULA
That's not possible. No. He would
not have liked that.
(sits back in his chair)
Things go too well.

LONGINUS
In what way, Caesar?

CALIGULA
(slaps the papers)
No wars. No catastrophes. It's been
ages since we've had a proper earthquake. Longinus, do you realize that history will forget me because nothing ever happened while I was emperor?

LONGINUS
Such a glorious and popular emperor
will never be forgotten.

CALIGULA

I'm not so sure of that. Caesonia,
would you like me to conquer something?

CAESONIA

You have. My heart.

CALIGULA

(dryly)

Something besides that...precious organ. Perhaps I should conquer Persia like Alexander the Great...

CAESONIA

Don't. It would take too long. Months at least.

CALIGULA

Or Britain.

CAESONIA

Too cold.

CALIGULA has noticed a document in front of him.

CALIGULA

(reads)

Among those to be married tomorrow are...Proculus and Livia.

(to CAESONIA)

Shall we go to the wedding? You remember him. He's that handsome guards officer.

CAESONIA

It would be a great honor for them...

CALIGULA

Of course we're not invited. But I suppose they'd be happy to see us.

INT. HOUSE OF PROCULUS

MEDIUM SHOT

PROCULUS and LIVIA stand side by side...a handsome young couple surrounded by friends and family. LIVIA wears the flame-colored cloak of a Roman bride.

A sound of tumult outside: horses neighing, armor clanking. Then GUARDS appear. They line up on either side of the door as the house BUTLER, in a terrified voice, proclaims:

BUTLER
Caligula Caesar, Emperor of Rome!

CALIGULA enters, all smiles; just behind him is CAESONIA.

CALIGULA
(to BUTLER)
And the lady Caesonia.

BUTLER
And the Lady Caesonia.

CALIGULA
We're late. I apologize. Was the ceremony beautiful? The auguries good?

Everyone is now bowing deeply as CALIGULA and CAESONIA approach the young couple.

PROCULUS
Yes, Caesar. You are very... gracious, Caesar, to come.

CALIGULA offers a hand to each of the bridal couple for kissing.

CALIGULA
But you are a Roman hero. You killed four gladiators in one day. Least I could do is pay my compliments... What a delicious bride.

CLOSE SHOT - LIVIA

LIVIA blushes; eyes downcast.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA
Go on with your party. I am just a guest. Like any other.

Rather stiffly the company continues the party. CALIGULA and CAESONIA take wine together; no one dares approach them.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND CAESONIA

CALIGULA
She's perfect, isn't she?

CAESONIA
You want her?

CALIGULA
(thoughtfully)
Mmm.

CAESONIA
I thought you didn't like virgins.

CALIGULA
I don't think I've ever known any.
(turns to CAESONIA,
eyes aglitter)
Well, should I?

CAESONIA
(as excited as he)
Why not? You are Caesar.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA approaches the bridal couple. He is cheerful, a bit manic.

CALIGULA
Now for the procession to the bridal
chamber. And to the sacred marriage
bed.

Everyone looks a bit shocked; this is not the way the ceremony is supposed to go but none dares demur. With the BUTLER in the lead, CALIGULA solicitously shepherds the young couple, CAMERA WITH THEM, across an atrium to the door of a bedroom bedecked with flowers. The rest of the company follows.

INT. BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

PROCULUS and LIVIA have entered the bedroom. As the BUTLER is about to close the door, CALIGULA pushes past him.

CALIGULA
I shall now bestow the special blessing
of Caesar upon this happy union.
(to BUTLER)
Shut the door.

The door shuts and the three stand in the center of the room. The bed is strewn with rose petals. Both PROCULUS and LIVIA are bewildered and embarrassed. CALIGULA is cheerful; kindly.

CALIGULA
I've never seen such a handsome couple.

PROCULUS and LIVIA stare at CALIGULA mutely.

CALIGULA
Now for my wedding gift.
(gestures to LIVIA)
Take off those robes, dear girl.

LIVIA
(appealingly to PROCULUS)
But... No...

CALIGULA
(very hard)
No?

A tense moment. LIVIA looks at PROCULUS who, weakly, nods. LIVIA begins to undress. She is confused, horrified. CALIGULA watches her with pleasure; he also looks, from time to time, at PROCULUS to see how he is reacting. PROCULUS is furious but helpless.

CLOSE SHOT - LIVIA

LIVIA is now nude. Modestly she covers her sex; head bowed.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA walks all around her, as if she were a statue, CAMERA WITH HIM.

CALIGULA
Very nice. My compliments, Procu-
lus. Perhaps a little heavy in the
hips, but...

CALIGULA squeezes LIVIA's thigh; she starts as if burned.

CALIGULA
Don't move. Till I give you leave.
(turns to PROCULUS)
Is this the first time you have ever
seen your beautiful wife-- as she really
is?

PROCULUS
(a croak)
Yes, Caesar.

CALIGULA
(to LIVIA)
Are you really a virgin?

LIVIA
(a whisper)
Yes, Caesar.

CALIGULA
Amazing! If true. Lie down.

LIVIA lies on the bed; on her back; hands still hiding her sex. CALIGULA drops his robe; pulls up his tunic. PROCULUS gives a start. LIVIA shuts her eyes.

CALIGULA
Yes, Proculus?

PROCULUS
Nothing, Caesar. What...

But PROCULUS cannot finish the sentence.

CALIGULA

What am I going to do?

(mock rhetoric)

I, Caligula, in the name of the Senate and the people of Rome declare that henceforth there will be a tax on all virgins in the empire directly payable -- upon demand -- to the emperor in the form of one maidenhead per virgin.

(to PROCULUS)

Very reasonable, don't you think? But then more than one would be technically impossible. And very tiring for Caesar.

During this speech CALIGULA has got onto the bed. Roughly he shoves aside LIVIA's hands. Then spreads wide her legs. He kneels between them; looks down at her.

CLOSE SHOT - LIVIA

She lies defenseless; eyes screwed shut. CALIGULA's hands caress and feel her body; partly with lust, partly as if examining butcher's meat.

CALIGULA (O.S.)

Open your eyes.

When she does not, he pulls them open with his fingers.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND LIVIA

CALIGULA

How lucky you are! To lose your virginity like this. After all, I am a direct descendant of the goddess Venus. How I envy you!

With that, CALIGULA roughly inserts himself. LIVIA gives a cry which he quickly stops with his hand.

CLOSE SHOT - PROCULUS

He is shattered; he shuts his eyes.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He turns his head from LIVIA to PROCULUS.

CALIGULA
Open your eyes, Proculus. If you want
to have eyes to open.

CALIGULA thrusts with his body. A louder cry from LIVIA.

INT. ATRIUM

CAESONIA sits enthroned amongst the wedding GUESTS. She talks to an elderly couple, the PARENTS of LIVIA. Everyone has heard the cries from the bedroom.

CAESONIA
(serenely)
Listen! Caesar is giving the young
people his special blessing. Your
daughter must be so thrilled.

FATHER
(rattled)
Yes. Yes. Of course, Lady Caesonia.

Another sharp cry. The GUESTS pretend not to hear it as wine is passed among them.

CAESONIA
Caesar has always taken an interest in
young Proculus. Such a handsome boy.

FATHER
Yes. A fine young man.

CAESONIA
In fact, it was quite on the spur of the
moment that Caesar decided to come
to the wedding.

MOTHER
We are deeply honored.

CAESONIA

(to MOTHER)

I do hope you will become one of the priestesses of Isis.

MOTHER

Well, naturally, yes. Of course.

CAESONIA

We need Roman matrons like you.
Respectable virtuous ladies...

Another strangled cry from the bedroom.

FATHER

(nervously)

We have always worshipped Isis. Except when it was illegal.

CAESONIA

Caesar wants to make the worship of the goddess Isis the state religion. The father Jupiter will be replaced by the mother Isis.

(intones beautifully)

The male by the female. The age of iron by the age of gold.

INT. WEDDING BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is on his feet; tunic rumpled; breathing hard. On the bed LIVIA is curled into a pre-natal position. She is silent. Down one thigh, blood trickles onto the sheet.

CALIGULA

(gasping for breath)

I've never worked so hard in my life.

Silence from PROCULUS who stares at the bed, at LIVIA, at the blood.

CALIGULA

(to PROCULUS)

I never realized virgins were so...
so tough.

(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)
(touches his genitals through
the tunic)

I'm raw.

(to PROCULUS)
Anyway, you were right. The girl was
a virgin. Are you?

PROCULUS
Me...Caesar?

CALIGULA
Yes, are you a virgin, too?

PROCULUS
Well, no...Caesar.

CALIGULA
Isis will not like that. One law for
woman. One law for man. That's
not fair. We must do something about
that. Come on.

PROCULUS
Come on?

CALIGULA
Off with your clothes. The spirit of
the goddess Isis -- as well as Venus --
is upon me. You're in luck.

Reluctantly, the embarrassed PROCULUS strips. LIVIA stares at him
from the bed.

CLOSE SHOT - PROCULUS

As he did with LIVIA, CALIGULA makes a leisurely tour around PROCU-
LUS, CAMERA WITH HIM, examining the naked body in the same dispass-
ionate way. He pinches the genitals.

PROCULUS gasps but remains standing at military attention. At PROCU-
LUS's rear, CALIGULA notices with amusement the tightly clenched
buttocks. He pats them, like a horse's flank.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA
All right, Livia. Get up.
(points to bench)
Sit over there.

LIVIA obeys; she sits on the bench. CALIGULA makes a face at the bloody sheets.

CALIGULA
Lucky girl, I wish I'd been you...
with me.
(to PROCULUS)
All right; onto the bed.

PROCULUS
The bed?

CALIGULA
(coolly, carefully)
Do not repeat my words. Obey them.

The frightened PROCULUS sits on the bed. CALIGULA motions for him to lie on his back. Then CALIGULA shoves apart PROCULUS's legs, just as he did with LIVIA, and places himself between them.

CALIGULA tucks up the front of his tunic.

CLOSE SHOT - PROCULUS

White and sweating.

PROCULUS
Caesar, no. Please...

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND PROCULUS

CALIGULA
(teasing)
Don't you love me, Proculus?

PROCULUS
Yes, Caesar, but...

CALIGULA

I'm doing my best to make your wedding memorable...holy. Just think of me as the goddess Venus born again... with certain differences, of course...

During this, CALIGULA's hands play with PROCULUS's *breasts*, belly, genitals. Then CALIGULA hoists PROCULUS up by the thighs. A leg over each shoulder: exactly the same position he had assumed with LIVIA. CALIGULA positions himself to enter PROCULUS's anus.

CALIGULA

(to LIVIA)

He's almost as lovely as you are.

CLOSE SHOT - LIVIA

Fascinated horror.

CALIGULA (O.S.)

I particularly like all that wonderful thick hair.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND PROCULUS

CALIGULA tugs PROCULUS's hair until, reflexively, he weeps. Then CALIGULA makes a thrust. PROCULUS shudders as if electrified.

CALIGULA

You lied to me. You're a virgin, too.

PROCULUS

Yes, Caesar. I am...there.

PROCULUS gives a grunt, as CALIGULA thrusts again.

CALIGULA

(irritably)

You're a lot tougher than she is...

PROCULUS

(agony)

Don't...

CALIGULA

(savage)

What?

PROCULUS
(frightened)
I mean...yes...do...please...

CALIGULA
All right. I will. Just to please you.
But this is hurting me a lot more than
it's hurting you.

More thrusts. CALIGULA has now mastered the entry.

CALIGULA
Say you love me, Proculus.

PROCULUS
(gasping)
I...love you...Caesar...

CALIGULA
Caligula.

PROCULUS
Caligula...

CALIGULA
And you like this?

PROCULUS
(in pain)
Oh...yes...yes... I love it...Caligula.

CALIGULA gives a final vicious jab. PROCULUS cries out.

CALIGULA
Well, I don't.
(gets off PROCULUS,
pulls down his tunic; to
PROCULUS)
Get up, bitch. You've worn me out.
(to LIVIA)
She's insatiable, this wife of yours.

PROCULUS and LIVIA stand side by side, sweating, heads bowed; the blood is drying on her thigh but a fresh trickle streams down PROCULUS leg from his torn anus. CALIGULA puts on his cloak; he mops his face. Then he smiles at the raped couple.

CALIGULA

Dear children, I have done my best to make your wedding a memorable one.

(to LIVIA)

Although you have had the ill luck to marry a practicing sodomite, if you mount him, at regular intervals, the way I did, using some cylindrical object, you will at least make him relatively happy. A thousand blessings upon you both!

INT. ATRUM

LONG SHOT

CALIGULA stands in front of the closed door to the bedroom. Everyone looks at him, frightened.

CALIGULA

A superb young couple. As high priest of Isis, I witnessed their union. And I predict -- in nine month's time -- a son!

Much applause, as the smiling CALIGULA makes his way to CAESONIA.

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM LOGGIA

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA reclines on his couch, looking out at Capitol Hill. DRUSILLA walks up and down.

DRUSILLA

Don't marry her.

CALIGULA

But I love her. I think. Anyway she interests me.

DRUSILLA

More than I do?

CALIGULA

You are my sister. Remember? Anyway, she's on...probation. I've told her that I'll marry her only if she has my child.

DRUSILLA

And how will you know if it's yours?

CALIGULA

She's being guarded by eunuchs twenty-four hours a day.

(giggles)

She's furious.

DRUSILLA

People will be shocked if you marry Caesonia.

CALIGULA

Damn the people. All of them. Wouldn't it be nice if there was no one in the world except us.

DRUSILLA

But then you couldn't play games. The way you did with that young couple on their wedding day...

CALIGULA

I couldn't help myself. I'm just like our ancestors...

DRUSILLA

Which ones?

CALIGULA

Venus. Who else? Except I was a bit more like Jupiter. I had both girl and boy. I'm still raw.

DRUSILLA

(carefully)

People are going to say it's not the gods you resemble, but Tiberius...

CALIGULA

(frowns)

Now don't upset me. It's bad enough
the life I lead. Trapped in this palace.
Surrounded by... You know Tiberius
Gemellus is plotting against me..

INT. CALIGULA'S PRIVATE DINING ROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

A large room. Some TWENTY dinner GUESTS lie on couches. Women
are also present, among them DRUSILLA and CAESONIA. At CALIGULA's
right is the nervous TIBERIUS GEMELLUS. At CALIGULA'S left is
CLAUDIUS, gobbling his dinner. SERVANTS pass elaborate dishes. The
VOICES of CALIGULA and DRUSILLA continue from the previous scene:

DRUSILLA (V.O.)

I don't believe it.

CALIGULA (V.O.)

Longinus has proof.

DRUSILLA (V.O.)

What proof?

CALIGULA (V.O.)

For one thing, the boy thinks I'm try-
ing to poison him.

DRUSILLA (V.O.)

Are you?

CALIGULA (V.O.)

Certainly not. What do you think I am?

DRUSILLA (V.O.)

Don't ask.

CALIGULA (V.O.)

I wish you'd stop criticizing me all
the time...

CALIGULA turns to CLAUDIUS:

CALIGULA

Should I make myself King of Rome?

CLAUDIUS swallows hard.

CLAUDIUS
King? Oh, dear. I mean...well, this
is a republic isn't it? That is...

LONGINUS
(smoothly)
You are already greater than any king,
Caesar.

CALIGULA
I know. But I feel so...undistinguished.

LONGINUS
To us you are like a god.

CALIGULA
Actually I am a god, I suppose. At
least when I'm dead.
(to TIBERIUS GEMELLUS)
Try some of these lampreys, Tiberius.
They're from my own plate.

CLOSE SHOT - TIBERIUS GEMELLUS

He looks more nervous than ever.

MEDIUM SHOT

A SLAVE places a platter in front of TIBERIUS GEMELLUS. CALIGULA
watches closely as the boy takes a small mouthful. CALIGULA rises.

CALIGULA
You used to love lampreys when we
were on Capri.

CALIGULA sits on the edge of TIBERIUS GEMELLUS's couch. He starts
to feed the boy as if he were a baby. Suddenly, he stops; sniffs.

CALIGULA
What's that smell?

TIBERIUS GEMELLUS
What smell, Caesar?

CALIGULA sniffs at TIBERIUS GEMELLUS's mouth.

CALIGULA
Your breath. What have you been taking?

TIBERIUS GEMELLUS
Some medicine. To... ward off the fever. It's in the city and...

CALIGULA
(very grim)
No, Tiberius Gemellus. You have come to Caesar's table after swallow-an antidote for poison.

TIBERIUS GEMELLUS
No, Caesar. There's my physician, Charicles. He'll tell you it's just...

The entire room is frozen during this. CALIGULA turns to CHARICLES who is very pale.

CALIGULA
Did you give him medicine for his throat?

CHARICLES
Well, Caesar...Lord...I...

CALIGULA
Did you?

CHARICLES
Uh, no... No.

CALIGULA
(softly)
Tiberius Gemellus, to accuse your sovereign of being a poisoner is a treasonous offense, punishable by death.

TIBERIUS GEMELLUS
But Caesar, I never did! I...

DRUSILLA
Caligula!

CALIGULA
 (ignores DRUSILLA)
 I am now obliged to follow ancient but
 necessary laws. Guards.

TWO GUARDS stop forward.

CALIGULA
 Arrest Tiberius Gemellus. For trea-
 son...
 (to others, reasonably)
 As if there can ever really be an anti-
 dote against Caesar.

The boy is dragged away, protesting, struggling, weeping.

DRUSILLA has crossed to where CALIGULA is standing. She is in a rage
 and very like her brother.

DRUSILLA in a low voice for CALIGULA's ear only:

DRUSILLA
 You stupid bloody fool!

CALIGULA turns and strikes her hard in the face. DRUSILLA falls. Then
 she gets to her feet and, without a word, leaves the room. There is abso-
 lute silence. Even CALIGULA is stunned by his own ferocity.

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

Well-pleased with the rout of her rival DRUSILLA.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He has recovered his usual sly ebullience. He picks up the plate of lampreys.
 He pops one in his mouth.

CALIGULA
 And they weren't even poisoned!

CALIGULA laughs. Everyone joins in...with relief.

CALIGULA
 But of course everyone will say that
 they were.

Then CALIGULA simulates retching. At first the GUESTS are alarmed. But when they see that CALIGULA is clowning he is cheered for this display of dazzling wit. Well-pleased, he goes back to his place and beckons for CAESONIA to lie in Tiberius Gemellus's place.

CAESONIA
Well done.

CALIGULA
Thank you.

CAESONIA
What will you do to her?

CALIGULA
Her?

CAESONIA
Your sister. Drusilla. What she said to you was treason.

CALIGULA
(icy)
I decide what is treason, not you. Do your dance, Caesonia.

CAESONIA
Which dance?

CALIGULA
The Asiatic one.

CALIGULA claps his hands. Silence.

CALIGULA
Caesonia will dance for us.

With a straight face that conceals all emotion, CAESONIA rises. MUSICIANS begin to play. She slips off her clothes. A small gasp from the GUESTS as she steps out into the *rectangula* area bounded by the couches and small tables:

CAESONIA's dance is sensual and abandoned; she is without embarrassment. Even CLAUDIUS stops chewing and stares at the spectacle.

CALIGULA
(to CLAUDIUS)
Claudius, did you ever see such breasts?

CLAUDIUS
Never...absolutely...Caligula...
Caesar, I mean...
(hysterical giggle)
She's...she's...she's...

A series of farts speak, as it were, for CLAUDIUS. CALIGULA roars with laughter.

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

The handsome elegant face is impassive. The dance continues.

INT. TEMPLE OF ISIS

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

The expression on her face is the same as when she danced but now she is shrouded in the ceremonial robes of a priestess of Isis.

LONG SHOT

Incense fills the interior of the temple. At the far end stands the cult statue of Isis.

A row of PRIESTESSES stand before the statue. CAESONIA is at the head of the line. At the end is DRUSILLA. CALIGULA enters the temple. He is dressed as a high priest. From the haggardness of his face it is apparent that he is ill.

MUSICIANS play the haunting music sacred to the goddess.

CALIGULA, CAMERA WITH HIM, walks down the line of PRIESTESSES.

CLOSE SHOT - DRUSILLA

Her face is expressionless as CALIGULA looks at her.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He scowls; pauses as if to speak. Then proceeds toward the head of the line.

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

A slight smile.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He is very solemn; then he looks down at her belly; there is a slight swell. She is pregnant. He smiles.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA addresses that statue of the goddess. At first his voice is firm:

CALIGULA
Great Goddess Isis listen to our pray-
ers.

Ritual chanting from the PRIESTESSES.

CALIGULA
You, who searched for the body of your
brother Osiris, are holy to us. You,
who found the fragments of the body of
your brother Osiris, are...holy...to...

CALIGULA's voice falters.

CLOSE SHOT - DRUSILLA

Suddenly concerned; has he forgotten the ritual? Is he ill?

CALIGULA (O.S.)
...us. You, who made Osiris live
again...are holy to us.

LONG SHOT.

CALIGULA faces the statue, at the far end of the temple.

CALIGULA
(voice weakening)
You, who are the promise of immor-
tal life for those of us who serve you
and are...and are...and are...

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He is pale; sweating; near collapse.

CALIGULA
Initiates in your mysteries...so we
will not die...ever...in eternity...

CALIGULA slumps to the floor in a dead faint. Pandemonium.

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

The delirious CALIGULA lies on his bed. CHARICLES attends him. Also present is CAESONIA.

CALIGULA
(babbling)
Tiberius...don't...I'm not...I didn't...
spare me...

CAESONIA
(to CHARICLES)
Will he die?

CHARICLES
(not answering)
The fever should break soon.

CAESONIA
If it doesn't?

CHARICLES gestures, helplessly.

CALIGULA
Drusilla. Help me. Save me.

CALIGULA, wild-eyed, pulls himself up in bed.

CALIGULA
Where is my sister?

CAESONIA
(to ATTENDANT)
Send for Drusilla.
(to CALIGULA)
She's coming...

CALIGULA
Who are you?

CAESONIA
Caesonia... Mother to your child.

But CALIGULA *has turned himself away*; he breathes hoarsely. DRUSILLA enters. She goes straight to CALIGULA; sits on the bed. Places her hand on his brow.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

DRUSILLA
(softly)
I'm here, little boots.

CALIGULA grabs her hand.

CALIGULA
(rallying)
I'm dying...

DRUSILLA
You're not. It's just the fever.

CALIGULA
I must make my will.

DRUSILLA
Don't talk. Sleep.

CALIGULA
Longinus. Where is he?

MEDIUM SHOT

LONGINUS steps out of the shadows.

LONGINUS
I am here, Caesar.

CALIGULA
I must make my will.

LONGINUS beckons to an ATTENDANT who brings writing materials.

CALIGULA

I herewith leave to my beloved sister Drusilla all my property. I also bequeath to her the Roman empire...with the title of Augusta...and...

(CALIGULA is drifting off)

And I leave her...the uniform I wore in Germany...as a child...and the little boots...

CAESONIA is appalled. LONGINUS scribbles quickly. Then he steps forward. But CALIGULA's eyes are now shut and he is breathing heavily. CAESONIA motions for LONGINUS to step back.

CAESONIA

(softly)
He's sleeping.

CALIGULA

(as softly)
No he's not.

CALIGULA opens his eyes. With a great effort, he signs and seals the document.

CALIGULA

(weakly mutters)
I, Caligula...name...Senate...people...Rome...

CALIGULA falls back onto the pillow exhausted. Turns to DRUSILLA.

CALIGULA

Don't let me die.

DRUSILLA holds him maternally in her arms. She whispers to him:

DRUSILLA

Sleep, child...sleep...you're safe...
Drusilla's here.

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

Radiant with jealousy, and fear.

EXT. PALACE - NIGHT

LONG SHOT

A CROWD has gathered at the palace to hear the news. They can be seen illuminated by occasional torches. They pray loudly for Caligula's recovery. He is still loved by them. CAMERA MOVES AMONG THE CROWD. Voices are heard. Men and women.

VOICES

My life for Caesar's...
Let him live...
Oh, little boots...
Our star...
Our pet...
Beloved boy...
We pray for you...

A CHAMBERLAIN appears on a balcony above the palace door. There is silence.

CHAMBERLAIN

The fever has broken.

Cheers from the CROWD.

CHAMBERLAIN

Caligula lives! Caesar lives!

INT. MAIN HALL OF THE PALATINE

LONG SHOT

A large crowd of OFFICIALS, COURTIERs mill about. Seated side by side are CALIGULA and DRUSILLA. LONGINUS, CHAEREA are among those in attendance. CALIGULA is dressed as a bridegroom.

There is a loud scream from behind a curtain at the end of the room. The curtain hides from view the apse where usually the emperor sits on a dais.

CALIGULA

(to DRUSILLA)

Now it starts.

INT. APSE

MEDIUM SHOT

On a bed lies CAESONIA, in painful labor. She is attended by CHARICLES and TWO MIDWIVES.

CHARICLES
Good...good...

CAESONIA
The pain!

MIDWIFE
It'll soon be over... All's well.

INT. MAIN HALL

TWO SHOT- CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

DRUSILLA
You're absolutely certain it's yours?

CALIGULA
I wish you liked her.

DRUSILLA
I wish she liked... Me.

CALIGULA
You were going to say me, weren't you?

A series of cries from CAESONIA (O.S.).

DRUSILLA
Yes.

CALIGULA
(deliberately)
What matters is what I feel about her not what she feels about me.

DRUSILLA
(amused)
The voice of Caesar.

CALIGULA
(very serious)
Exactly.

Another scream from CAESONIA (O.S.)

CALIGULA
Anyway she's been guarded day and
night for nine months.

DRUSILLA
(teasing)
But suppose the god Jupiter came to
her in a dream and left her with child.

CALIGULA
(loftily)
I think that's in very poor taste.
Blasphemy, in fact...

But CALIGULA and DRUSILLA both find the thought funny; they laugh together.

LONG SHOT

CHARICLES appears, theatrically, in front of the curtain.

CHARICLES
The child's head has just appeared...

CALIGULA is on his feet. He rushes to the curtain and rips it open.

MEDIUM SHOT

CAESONIA is in the act of giving birth. The head of the CHILD is visible between her legs. CAESONIA cries out from the strain. CALIGULA rushes to look at the head.

CALIGULA
It's alive?

CHARICLES
Yes, Caesar. That is...

CALIGULA
My lords, I am now to be married.
To Caesonia. The mother of my son...
and heir.

Applause from the COURTIERs. A PRIEST steps forward. CALIGULA takes one of CAESONIA's hands in his. DRUSILLA stations herself beside him. The PRIEST nervously mutters the ceremony. Just as it is finished, the MIDWIFE holds up the BABY...triumphantly.

MIDWIFE

A beautiful child, Caesar!

CALIGULA

And a beautiful bride.

(kisses CAESONIA's
sweaty brow)

You are now you wife, mother and em-
press of Rome...

CAESONIA

(weakly)

I am yours...forever.

MEDIUM SHOT

DRUSILLA has been looking at the BABY which is being washed and seen to by the MIDWIVES. Then DRUSILLA turns to CALIGULA:

DRUSILLA

It's a girl.

CALIGULA

(firmly)

It is not a girl. Didn't you just hear
me say...

DRUSILLA

Yes. I heard the voice of Caesar.
But your daughter did not.

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

Even in her weakened condition, she is alarmed.

CALIGULA (O.S.)

(glumly)

I should have waited, shouldn't I?

DRUSILLA (O.S.)

Yes. But you didn't.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Thoughtfully, CALIGULA looks down at the BABY. Then he crosses to CAESONIA.

CALIGULA
Well. Well.

CALIGULA obviously regrets the hasty marriage. But then he makes the best of it.

CALIGULA
At least she looks like me. She's
bald in front.

CAESONIA gives him a fleeting smile.

CAESONIA
Then she is beautiful.

CALIGULA
Next time...a son... Hear me?

CAESONIA
Yes, Lord.

CALIGULA turns to assemblage.

CALIGULA
Let us drink to my daughter! To
Julia. Drusilla!

Everyone cheers. DRUSILLA smiles.

EXT. CIRCUS MAXIMUS - DAY

LONG SHOT

Games are in progress

CALIGULA (V.O.)
In celebration of the birth of Julia
Drusilla and of my marriage, one month
of free games and a gold coin to every
citizen of the city...

Loud cheering from the stadium at someone's victory...this also represents the popularity of Caligula with the masses.

INT. LONGINUS'S OFFICE

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA sits in LONGINUS's usual chair. The CLERKS continue their endless copying. LONGINUS stands beside the chair, passing CALIGULA documents which he swiftly signs and seals. He is bored.

LONGINUS

The new budget. To be submitted to the Senate...

CALIGULA is interested by this. He studies the figures.

CALIGULA

We are in deficit. Why?

LONGINUS

Your...well, the various games and spectacles that you have been paying for are expensive and...

CALIGULA

We are short of money. So what do we do?

LONGINUS hands him several documents.

LONGINUS

We raise the auction tax one half of one percent. Then the tax on wine...

CALIGULA

No. No taxes. The people love me... at the moment. But they won't love me if I tax their wine.

LONGINUS

But how can we...

CALIGULA is on his feet. Draws his dagger against an imaginary enemy.

CALIGULA

A war. That's the answer. New provinces, new revenues. I shall conquer Britain. Right after the new year. Where Julius Caesar failed, I shall succeed. Besides, if I don't do something I shall be forgotten.

(stabs the dagger into the table)

Caligula the Dull. I can see it now in the history books.

CHAMBERLAIN enters bowing.

CHAMBERLAIN

Caesar, the lady Drusilla has been taken ill.

CALIGULA

(alarmed)

How? What?

CHAMBERLAIN

The fever.

INT. DRUSILLA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

DRUSILLA lies very still and pale on her bed; she hardly breathes. CALIGULA is beside himself with grief. CHARICLES and TWO WOMEN are in attendance.

CALIGULA

(TO CHARICLES)

Do something...damn you!

CHARICLES

I am doing everything, Caesar. I swear.

CALIGULA

(to DRUSILLA)

It's little boots. Can you hear me?

But DRUSILLA is unconscious. CALIGULA gathers her up in his arms.

CALIGULA
 (whispers)
 Don't leave me. Not now...;

CLOSE SHOT - DRUSILLA

The face is serene, white, dying.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA puts her back onto the pillow. He crosses to the shrine of Isis in the corner. A lighted brazier glows in front of the image.

CALIGULA
 Holy Isis...save her. Caesar begs
 you, almighty mother.
 (throws ritual incense
 on the brazier)
 Spare her and I shall build you a temple.
 Larger than Jupiter's.

CHARICLES approaches CALIGULA who is now mumbling prayers to himself. CHARICLES is still with terror.

CHARICLES
 Caesar...

CALIGULA turns. He is wild-eyed. He looks past CHARICLES at the bed. DRUSILLA is entirely still. The TWO WOMEN weep softly.

CHARICLES
 She is dead.

There is a moment of absolute silence. Then CALIGULA throws back his head and howls like an animal.

CAESONIA enters the room; she starts to go to CALIGULA but thinks better of it as one howl after another rends the air. Then CALIGULA pushes CAESONIA, blindly, to one side.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND DRUSILLA

CALIGULA holds the corpse to him. He babbles incoherently:

CALIGULA

I'm alone...you've left me...like
this...alone...in this place...ene-
mies...knives...poison... Why did
you? Why did you?

Fiercely, CALIGULA shakes DRUSILLA's body. Then lets it fall back
onto the bed.

MEDIUM SHOT

Slowly, CALIGULA gets to his feet -- out of his mind with grief -- and
rage. Without seeing, he looks at those in the room. He goes to the statue
of Isis.

CALIGULA

(snarling)

I begged you! Caesar begged you.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEMPLE OF ISIS

MEDIUM SHOT

The miniature statue in Drusilla's room grows until it is indeed the huge
cult statue of the diety. Wearing torn clothes, hair disheveled, CALI-
GULA stands in front of the statue as shocked PRIESTSSES turn away,
veils over their faces.

CALIGULA

(to the statue)

I would have made you the greatest of
all the gods. I would have placed your
temple beside that of Jupiter. Lar-
ger than Jupiter's. You would have
been the goddess of the world. But
you defied me. Now I cast you down
and take your place.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

Convulsed with fury.

CALIGULA

Do you hear me? I replace you on
earth. I replace you in heaven. I re-
(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)
place you in eternity! I am Caesar.
My word is law. My will is fate. I
am Caligula the god!

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. FORUM - DAY

LONG SHOT

A mourning CROWD of people make a path for the litter in which reclines CALIGULA; he wears deepest mourning. At the steps to the Senate he gets out of the litter. GUARDS salute. He enters the Senate house.

INT. SENATE CHAMBER

LONG SHOT

The SENATORS are in mourning. The chamber itself is hung with all the symbols of mourning. Before the Statue of Victory, in the apse, sits CALIGULA. To his right stands CLAUDIUS. To his left, CAESONIA, holding the child JULIA (now a year old) by one hand.

CALIGULA
Senators, this is the most terrible moment in the long history of Rome.

CAMERA PANS among the SENATORS -- who manage, through terror, to keep their faces straight during this hyperbole.

CALIGULA (O.S.)
During the one month of public mourning for my beloved sister Drusilla anyone who dines with his parents or children, anyone who bathes, anyone who laughs -- will be sentenced to death.

The SENATORS cannot refrain from a grimace or two.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He looks ghastly -- residue of his illness as well as of grief.

CALIGULA

I am also obliged to raise taxes for,
in addition to the burden of sovereign-
ity, I must now shoulder that of...

CALIGULA turns toward CAESONIA and JULIA.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA

...fatherhood.

(hands a scroll to CLAU-
DIUS)

My fellow consul will submit these
new taxes to you, my lords, for your...
information.

Reaction SHOTS of grim SENATORS.

CALIGULA

My uncle the Consul Claudius has
begged me to allow him to address you.

CLOSE SHOT - CLAUDIUS

CLAUDIUS is petrified not only of CALIGULA but of public appearances in
general. He nods vigorously; drops the list of tax increases; picks them
up; drops his speech. Finally he comes forward and addresses not the
Senate but CALIGULA:

CLAUDIUS

Great... uh, Divine Caesar...em-
peror...consul...beloved Caligula...
it, uh...we, the fact is, that... ah,
all Rome is as one...as one...

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

CALIGULA is much irritated. He prompts CLAUDIUS in a low but carry-
ing voice:

CALIGULA

As one in its passionate desire...

CLAUDIUS

Yes...I was coming to that...passionate desire that like your grandfather Augustus and like your great grandfather Julius Caesar you become a god...but now...that is, while you're still alive... I mean, still with us.

Reactions of the SENATORS: dumbfounded.

CLAUDIUS (O.S.)

They had to wait of course...until they were dead...but you live, great Caesar, and you are a god to us, equal to...uh, Jupiter and to...uh, well, Isis...and...

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

CALIGULA stops CLAUDIUS with a gesture.

CALIGULA

Although no assemblage of mortals -- no matter how distinguished -- can create a god (existing as we do from the beginning and for all time), I am now willing to cast aside the mask of ordinary mortality so that you can, at last, when you look upon me and pray to me, know that one who is divine is amongst you and able to answer your prayers with perfect justice and with loving mercy.

CALIGULA rises. Turns to CLAUDIUS who has forgotten his cue. CALIGULA's glare quickly restores CLAUDIUS.

CLAUDIUS

Oh! Uh, my Lords. All hail Caligula the god!

The Senate as one roars again and again.

SENATORS

Hail, Caligula the god!

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He looks very grim and hard as he listens to the acclamation.

BRIEF SHOTS OF:

INT. TEMPLE

Cult statue of Caligula *is* being draped with robes. CALIGULA watches benignly.

EXT. PORCH OF PALACE

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is seated in a chair. As PEOPLE file past, they pour gold coins into his lap. The coins overflow into baskets.

CALIGULA (V.O.)
I shall celebrate the New Year in front
of the palace receiving gifts from my
good people.

CALIGULA plays happily with the gold.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

CALIGULA is in the imperial box. In front of him, a pile of furniture and a CROWD of Senatorial types.

CALIGULA
What am I bid? For this handsome
chest, property of Julius Caesar...
straight from the palace...everything
here is straight from the palace. We
need money, you know. We're very
poor. So what am I bid?

VOICES
Ten gold pieces...
Fifteen...
Twenty...
Fifty...

CALIGULA
For Julius Caesar's personal chest?
Only fifty? Impossible. Do I hear
sixty?

VOICE
Sixty, Caesar...

CALIGULA looks at an OLD SENATOR asleep, nodding on his stool.

CALIGULA
Seventy...seventy...
(points to nodding SENA-
TOR)
Senator Aponius just nodded. The
chest is his for seventy pieces of gold!

More laughter in which CALIGULA joins. APONIUS sleeps on.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STADIUM - DAY

A group of GLADIATORS are being sold.

CALIGULA
Thirteen of the finest gladiators in the
empire. Bidding starts at fifty thousand
gold pieces...

VOICES
Fifty...
Fifty-five...
Sixty...
Seventy...
Eighty...
Eighty-five...

Bidding stops. CALIGULA looks again at APONIUS, still nodding.

CALIGULA
Who will make it ninety? Who...

APONIUS nods, again.

CALIGULA
Sold. To Senator Aponius. Thirteen
gladiators for ninety thousand pieces
of gold.

APONIUS awakens; is duly horrified at his acquisitions.

INT. ANIMAL CAGES OF STADIUM

LONG SHOT

A narrow corridor beneath the stadium. FIFTY SLAVES are lined up. Behind SLAVES in their cages, lions, tigers, panthers growl. CALIGULA is talking to the circus MANAGER:

CALIGULA
We must economize..

CALIGULA produces documents.

MANAGER
We've done our best, Divine Caesar.
We've sold six of the lions. We've
cut the rations of the others in half...
Even so, well, they can only eat meat
and the price of meat...

CALIGULA
Is high, I know. It's a problem.

MANAGER
Of course we could sell off the ani-
mals.

CALIGULA
No. No. The people wouldn't like
that. They like to see men fight ani-
mals. I hate it myself. But then
I am only a god.
(looks at the line of MEN
thoughtfully)
These slaves. They're not much good,
are they?

MANAGER
They're not all slaves. Some are
from the jail house. They do the
dirty work here...

CALIGULA
 (suddenly)
 Solution.
 (points to a bald-headed
 man)
 Kill every man between this bald-
 headed one and...
 (points twenty men down
 the line)
 ...that one there.

In terror the MEN prostrate themselves, moaning for mercy.

CALIGULA
 Isn't that a brilliant idea? That way
 you'll have enough meat to feed the
 animals for at least a month.

MANAGER
 (gulps)
 Why, yes, Divine Caesar. A brilliant
 solution.

EXT. TEMPLE OF JUPITER - DAY

LONG SHOT

CALIGULA stands before the outdoor altar. A bullock has been prepared for sacrifice.

With CALIGULA are CLAUDIUS, LONGINUS, CHAEREA, SENATORS, PRIESTS... CALIGULA holds a mallet. We do not hear the dialogue but in pantomime we see the PRIEST explaining to CALIGULA that just before the PRIEST cuts the animal's throat, CALIGULA is to stun it with a blow to the head. The PRIEST then motions to CALIGULA who raises high the mallet and brings it down with all his strength on the PRIEST's head. The PRIEST falls dead.

CALIGULA
 Great Jupiter. My father in heaven.
 Whom I shall join...

CALIGULA pauses: those surrounding him listen attentively, faces masked. CALIGULA, as usual, surprises them.

CALIGULA
 When Jupiter himself lifts me up to
 heaven.
 (conversationally, to the
 sky)
 I hope you're listening. Because,
 Jupiter, if you disobey me, I shall be
 obliged to cast you into hell.

This blasphemy creates considerable shock.

INT. PALACE - SUITE OF ROOMS

A series of small rooms, one leading out into the other. Carrying a pot, CALIGULA leads a MOB through the rooms, CAMERA WITH HIM. In each room are naked GIRLS, BOYS, MEN, WOMEN. They are enticingly arranged in beds, on the floor. The WOMEN look uncommonly wretched.

CALIGULA
 (very much the salesman)
 The palace brothel is now officially
 open. As you see we've gone to great
 expense to bring you the finest flesh
 in the empire...

The MOB is delighted at the figures on display.

CALIGULA
 Look at her...look at him...Feel...
 no, that's enough...

The pawing of the merchandise stops.

CALIGULA
 Everyone must pay...five gold pieces
 for each twenty minutes. Don't worry
 about catching the pox. All the women
 are respectable married ladies.
 (holds out the pot to the MOB)
 Yes, I'll take your money myself. Per-
 sonally. Can't trust those brothel
 keepers. That's right. Into the pot.

The MOB pours money into the pot; and then, one by one, beds the WOMEN, GIRLS, MEN, BOYS.

INT. LONGINUS'S OFFICE

MEDIUM SHOT

The work of the Roman Empire continues. LONGINUS rises from his desk and CALIGULA and CHAEREA enter.

CALIGULA
I am a slave to your routine, Longinus.

LONGINUS kisses CALIGULA's hand.

LONGINUS
Hardly, Divine Caesar.
(presents documents)
The plans for the mustering of troops
for your invasion of Britain.

CALIGULA brushes aside the papers.

CALIGULA
Good...good.

LONGINUS
We also need your personal order to
build invasion barges...

CALIGULA
Later. Where are the execution lists?
I must clear my accounts.

LONGINUS gives him a packet.

CALIGULA
(glances at paper)
Nothing but senators on this page.
They're a bad lot, aren't they?

LONGINUS
(uncomfortably)
Yes, Divine Caesar.

CALIGULA
(reads)
Treason...treason...treason...blas-
phemy...treason...mmm

CALIGULA signs and seals with the muttered formula:

CALIGULA
I, Caligula, the god, command in the
name of the Senate and people of Rome...

CHAEREA
(nervously)
Divine Caesar, a plea...

CALIGULA
(reading a second sheet)
What's that?

CHAEREA
I beg you to release young Proculus.
He is a fine officer. And we need him
for the coming war. And...

CALIGULA
And you're in love with him! How
sweet! How romantic! And at your
age!

CHAEREA
(rattled)
No. No, Divine Caesar. It's just
that...

CALIGULA
(ornately)
You want him to take you in his arms
again. You want him to thrust the
powerful emblem of his young man-
hood into your old and withered flanks...

CHAEREA
(horrified)
No...no...no!

CALIGULA
(mimics)
Yes yes, yes.
(then, very hard)
Well, he dies. I am inflexible. You
know that.

INT. PRISON CELL

MEDIUM SHOT

PROCULUS is chained to a wall. From the length of his beard, he has obviously been imprisoned for some time. He wears only a breech-clout. CALIGULA enters the cell. With him the EXECUTIONER, holding a knife.

CALIGULA

(cheerfully)

Ah, Proculus. My dear boy. Isn't it awfully uncomfortable...being chained like that?

PROCULUS

Yes, Divine Caesar.

CALIGULA

I'm told that your lovely wife is pregnant. Of course we'll never know for certain who the father was. You or...

(taps his own chest)

...god.

PROCULUS

Divine Caesar, please...I beg you... why? Why?

CALIGULA

(blankly)

Why what?

PROCULUS

Why am I here?

CALIGULA

Treason. Didn't anybody tell you?

PROCULUS

But I've always been loyal to you, Divine Caesar.

CALIGULA

I'll explain.

CALIGULA stands on tiptoe, trying to reach the other's ear. But he is not tall enough. The EXECUTIONER brings him a stool. CALIGULA stands on that. CALIGULA's face is now level with that of PROCULUS.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND PROCULUS

CALIGULA stares with interest and some lust, into the other's face. Then he whispers into his ear:

CALIGULA
Your hair...

PROCULUS
(bewildered)
My hair?

CALIGULA nods; his finger to his lips, indicating a secret. Then, abruptly, he takes a lock of PROCULUS's hair and gives it a wrench. The lock comes free. PROCULUS gasps.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA motions to the EXECUTIONER who approaches, dagger at the ready.

PROCULUS
No...don't! Please, Divine Caesar.

As the EXECUTIONER makes a deep incision in PROCULUS's chest, CALIGULA kisses PROCULUS on the lips...stopping the first scream with his mouth.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND PROCULUS

PROCULUS's face reflects the agony he is undergoing. CALIGULA watches him, fascinated, as always, by death.

CALIGULA
(urgently)
What does it feel like?

PROCULUS
Oh, god...don't!

We cannot see the bloody work of the EXECUTIONER because he is just OUT OF FRAME. PROCULUS squirms, shudders. CALIGULA is delighted.

CALIGULA
(to EXECUTIONER)
Make him feel that he's dying.

EXECUTIONER (O.S.)
Yes, Divine Caesar.

PROCULUS screams.

CALIGULA
What's happening now?

PROCULUS
(agony)
Let me die...quick...

Fondly, CALIGULA mops PROCULUS's sweaty brow.

CALIGULA
Have you started to die yet?

PROCULUS
It's like fire...

CALIGULA
That must be hell. I knew Tiberius
was wrong. There is an after-life...

Suddenly PROCULUS gives a horrible gagging sound; he goes limp; he is dead.

CALIGULA is furious. The EXECUTIONER is terrified.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA gets off his stool.

CALIGULA
Damn you! I told you to take your
time...

The EXECUTIONER is prone and abject on the floor.

EXECUTIONER

(babbles)

Divine Caesar, forgive me! He was
twisting so...I touched the heart...
by mistake... I didn't mean to.

CALIGULA stares at the bloody body of PROCULUS.

CALIGULA

(quietly, to the EXECU-
TIONER)

Shut up.

(softly, to PROCULUS)

Now what is more like a god than this?
A moment ago you were a living man,
with beautiful hair. And now -- thanks
to me -- you are butcher's meat. Well,
be grateful. You've got away from me.

CALIGULA crosses to the sagging body. He tears away the breech-clout.
He cups the genitals in his hand.

CALIGULA

(to EXECUTIONER)

Cut these off and send them to Chaerea.
Tell him that Proculus wanted him to
have them. As a souvenir of their
great love.

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA lies on his bed, unable to sleep. Through the loggia the moon
is full above the Capitoline Hill.

CALIGULA

(to the moon)

Come to me, holy Diana! Goddess of
the moon. Come to my bed. Sister...
sister...

(holds out his arms in the
moonlight)

I am your brother, Moon! Come...
Love me as you loved Endymion. As
Drusilla loved me.

CAESONIA appears in the loggia, ghostly by moonlight. She is dressed as the goddess Diana.

CALIGULA

Ah, sister...Diana...goddess.

CAESONIA crosses to him; they embrace. Then they lie side by side on the bed in the moonlight.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND CAESONIA

CALIGULA

I can't sleep.

CAESONIA

I have a drug.

CALIGULA

No.

CAESONIA

What are you thinking of?

CALIGULA

How lonely it is to be a god.

CAESONIA

Are you really a god?

CALIGULA

I can end a life whenever I choose.
Therefore I am fate. Therefore I am
god.

CAESONIA

Any Caesar can do the same. But
do you know that you're a god?

CALIGULA

Are you awake now? Or are you
dreaming?

CAESONIA

Awake.

CALIGULA

How do you know?

CAESONIA

I just know. I think...

CALIGULA

You don't know. You just think you know. So if this is a dream then I am a god because I tell you so. And when we awaken...

(draws a line across her throat)

Never forget. I can have this beautiful throat cut whenever I choose.

CAESONIA

(serenely)

If it would make you happy, make you sleep, then do it...

CALIGULA looks at her with real interest.

CALIGULA

I cannot think why you love me. Shall I put you on the rack? Force you to tell me?

CAESONIA

You know already.

CALIGULA

(sighs)

What will history say of me?

CAESONIA

That you werethe greatest of all Caesars.

CALIGULA

Nonsense. I have done nothing. Except get rid of a few fools. Brought the goddess Isis back to Rome, though we're still not on speaking terms.

(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)

(a non-sequitur)

You know, when I do sleep, I have such
mad dreams. The sea...the sea talks
to me. The waves revile me. And
then I start to drown.

CALIGULA is on his feet. CAESONIA joins him.

CALIGULA

This is what I do every night now.
Waiting for morning.

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS

SHOTS of the two of them moving through moonlit corridors, CAMERA
WITH THEM. GUARDS stand discreetly at attention. We hear the
VOICES OVER of CALIGULA and CAESONIA:

CALIGULA (V.O.)

I walk up and down...from one end of
the palace to the other. I am a god
but I cannot make the sun rise when I
want.

CAESONIA (V.O.)

But the moon is lovely, too.

CALIGULA (V.O.)

Darkness is best of all.

CAESONIA (V.O.)

For sleep?

CALIGULA (V.O.)

No. Sleep is dreams. And my dreams
are bad. True darkness is death...
lovely death.

CAESONIA (V.O.)

But Isis promises everlasting life...

CALIGULA (V.O.)

I wish it were true. But every time I
look into the eyes of a dying man, I see
(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)
nothing, nothing at all. Tiberius was
right. In life there is nothing except
fate and in death there is nothing at all.

CAESONIA
So we live.

CALIGULA
I do. But cannot sleep. And dare not
dream.

EXT. SENATE HOUSE - DAY

LONG SHOT

TROOPS are lined up; cheering CROWDS; martial music. CALIGULA
appears on the doorstep of the Senate. He is dressed as a general. Be-
hind him MEMBERS of the Senate flutter.

CALIGULA
(powerful voice)
Today we begin the conquest of Brit-
ain.

Loud cheers. Trumpets.

CALIGULA
Father Jupiter, give victory to your
son!

CALIGULA salutes Capitoline Hill in the distance; then he mounts his horse.
CALIGULA rides through the MOB which chants his name over and over
again:

MOB
Cal - ig - u - la.

EXT. SENATE HOUSE - DAY

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - LONGINUS AND A SENATOR

LONGINUS
(piously)
May he be victorious!

SENATOR
(slyly)
May he be happy!

LONGINUS turns and gives a sharp look: "to be happy" means to be dead.

LONGINUS
Yes. May he be happy.

EXT. APPIAN WAY - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA dismounts. A SLAVE helps him out of his heavy armor. CALIGULA is sweating in the hot sun. Then he steps into a litter borne by EIGHT SLAVES.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He falls back onto the cushions, with a sigh. Then he pushes aside his cloak: the little boots are tied about his neck like a charm. He touches them for luck.

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY

LONG SHOT

TROOPS are drawn up on the beach. CALIGULA, CHAEREA, and a PAIR of GENERALS look across the channel...at nothing.

GENERAL
(points)
There is Britain. On the other side
of the channel.

CALIGULA
Give the order to invade.

Silence from the GENERALS.

CALIGULA
Well?

CHAEREA
There are no ships, Divine Caesar.

CALIGULA

But we ordered ships, didn't we?

CHAEREA

No, Divine Caesar. There was some confusion and...

CALIGULA

(dangerously)

And so we are left standing here like idiots on the beach?

GENERAL

We should pitch camp, Divine Caesar. Then, in a few weeks...

CALIGULA

Weeks? Oh, no. Rome cannot be without Caesar for another month...

CHAEREA

But the troops...

CALIGULA

The troops must be put to work.

CHAEREA

I will have them make camp, build living quarters...

CALIGULA

No.

(points to the beach)

Shells.

CHAEREA

What, Divine Caesar?

CALIGULA

You heard me --shells. Sea shells. Have the soldiers collect them. We must have something to show for your strategy.

CHAEREA and the TWO GENERALS go.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

CALIGULA watches with grim amusement as the TROOPS collect sea shells which they proceed to pile in great heaps.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

LONG SHOT

A meadow in which are gathered [anumber](#) of tall GALLIC MEN wearing tunics. In large vats, red dye bubbles. Attended by CHAEREA, CALIGULA moves among the vats and the GAULS.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA watches as the GAULS dip their heads into the lurid red dye; then their hair is combed out by hairdressers.

CALIGULA
(happily)
A very good color.
(to CHAEREA)
Congratulate the hairdresser.

CALIGULA stops in front of a GAUL whose long dyed red hair is being combed out by a hairdresser.

CALIGULA
Spricht Deutsch?

GAUL
Ja, Caesar. At least I'm trying to learn.

CALIGULA
Must sprichen like a German. Or else.

GAUL
Ja, Kaiser.

CALIGULA studies a group of recently-dyed GAULS.

CALIGULA

They look like Germans, don't they?

CHAEREA

Yes, Divine Caesar. Very convincing...

CALIGULA

All Germans have red hair. I cannot think why. Well, the Romans had better be impressed. One thousand German prisoners of war will march in my triumph next month.

CHAEREA

They should speak quite good German by then.

CALIGULA

If they don't, we feed them to the animals.

CALIGULA bestows a bewitching smile on one of the dyed GAULS; then he tugs the MAN's red hair playfully.

CALIGULA

Mein prisoner. Oh, it was a great victory, wasn't it, Chaerea? My conquest of Germany.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF MEADOW - DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is seated in front of his tent which has been pitched beside the Rhine river. SIX SENATORS stand before him, led by a very nervous CLAUDIUS.

CALIGULA

You have come here to spy on me.

CLAUDIUS

No, Divine Caesar. We've come in the name of the Senate to tell you that a plot against you has...uh, been revealed...

CALIGULA

The Senators Lepidus and Gaetulus...
Yes, I know.

CLAUDIUS

You do? Well, Divine Caesar, they...
I mean, we put them to death. Treason,
and all that.

CALIGULA

(coldly)
Thus depriving me of the pleasure.

CLAUDIUS

Well, it seemed like the...uh, safe
thing to do...

CALIGULA

What about my triumph? Why did the
Senate deny me a triumph?

CLAUDIUS

But you said you didn't want one.

CALIGULA

Claudius, don't lie to me.

CLAUDIUS

(rattled)
Yes. No. I mean you'll have a triumph
all right. Yes. Of course.

CALIGULA

For my conquest of Germany and
Britain?

CLAUDIUS

Yes, Divine Caesar...

CALIGULA

But I have heard rumors that the Senate
does not believe that I ever went
to Britain.

CLAUDIUS

Oh, no, Lord...

CALIGULA
Are you accusing me of being a liar?

CLAUDIUS
(stammering)
Divine Caesar! No...

CALIGULA
But you are! Well, I did conquer
Britain. And I have one hundred
thousand sea shells to prove it!

Although the SENATORS are bewildered by the mad detail, they incline
their heads reverently.

CLAUDIUS
Sea shells. Yes. Very...useful.

CALIGULA
I have also subdued the German
tribes. As my father did before me.
I shall bring back to Rome one thou-
sand German prisoners.

CLAUDIUS
Oh, a great victory, Caesar...Yes.
Yes.

CALIGULA
(carefully)
And every single one of my German
prisoners has extremely red hair.
But still you doubt me.

CLAUDIUS
No, Divine Caesar...

CALIGULA
But then you've always hated me.
The Senate has always been my ene-
my. My only friends are the people.
And of course my fellow gods. But
then they don't live in Rome. Very
sensible of them. I don't know why
I do.

(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)
 (stops, frowns; he has lost
 his train of thought)
 What was I talking about?

CLAUDIUS
 Uh, the time, the day of your triumph.
 The Senate wants to make preparations.

CALIGULA scowls theatrically.

CALIGULA
 Just tell the Senate, I am coming.
 (slaps his sword hilt)
 And this is coming, too.
 (turns to TWO ATTEN-
 DANTS)
 Will you kindly throw my uncle Clau-
 dius into the river Rhine?

CLAUDIUS
 (resigned)
 Oh, dear.

TWO ATTENDANTS pick up CLAUDIUS and throw him into the river.
 CALIGULA is much amused; CLAUDIUS splutters.

EXT. FORUM - DAY

SHOTS of CROWDS. "GERMAN" PRISONERS. Standing on a chariot
 CALIGULA wears the wreath of a conqueror. The people seem delighted.
 The SENATORS, however, in front of the Senate house, look very alarmed.

INT. PALACE DINING ROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is flanked by CLAUDIUS and CAESONIA. Elsewhere, CHAEREA
 lies next to LONGINUS. CALIGULA is in an exuberant mood.

CALIGULA
 (to CAESONIA)
 Did you see...hear those crowds?

CAESONIA
 They love you, Caligula.

CALIGULA

There was never such a triumph! I
am greater than Julius Caesar,
aren't I, Claudius.

CLAUDIUS has been tucking into his food. Mouth full:

CLAUDIUS

Oh? Yes. Much greater...yes...
yes...

CALIGULA

(at large)

While all you senators were living
safely here in Rome, your emperor
was risking his life to preserve and
enlarge the empire.

TWO SHOT - CHAEREA AND LONGINUS

They exchange a glance; but say nothing. Music plays.

MEDIUM SHOT

DANCERS enter. The DANCERS are suitably exotic. But CALIGULA is
not much interested. He is drinking heavily. CAESONIA watches him
with some concern.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND CAESONIA

CALIGULA

We're not safe here.

CAESONIA

Of course we are. You have your
special German guard and...

CALIGULA

As long as one member of the sena-
torial class is alive, I am not safe
in this city.

CAESONIA

(alarmed at the drift)

But everyone worships you like a
god.

CALIGULA
 That's natural. I am a god.
 (frowns)
 But am I one of those sacrificial gods?
 That's the question. It would be just
 my luck.
 (glances about)
 Some handsome ladies here...

MEDIUM SHOT - THE ROOM POV CALIGULA

The DANCERS are gone; MUSICIANS continue, softly, to play.

CAESONIA
 (warningly)
 Wives of senators...respectable
 ladies.

CALIGULA
 No such thing.

A bit unsteadily CALIGULA gets up and makes the rounds of the couches carefully examining the frightened WOMEN. Occasionally he touches a breast, a thigh. The other DINERS pretend not to notice; they continue eating, chatting. Finally, CALIGULA pulls a blushing young WOMAN to her feet.

CALIGULA
 Let's see how lucky your husband is.
 (to HUSBAND)
 You don't mind?

A frightened young man shakes his head.

HUSBAND
 No, Divine Caesar.

CALIGULA leaves the banquet room, pulling the young matron after him.

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

Angry. But more than angry alarmed.

LONG SHOT

DANCERS reappear. More music.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA and the young WOMAN reappear. Though the GUESTS try not to stare, they cannot help noticing that the WOMAN is dishevelled, has been weeping. CALIGULA is suitably rumpled. He hands the WOMAN back to her HUSBAND.

CALIGULA
 (to HUSBAND)
 Hairy nipples.
 (disgusted look)
 How can you stand them?
 (to WOMAN)
 Try hot walnuts. They're the best
 thing for taking off body-hair.

CALIGULA does not go back to his place; instead, he sits between TWO CONSULS.

1ST CONSUL
 A glorious triumph, Divine Caesar...

CALIGULA
 Thank you, Consul.

2ND CONSUL
 Even greater than your father's, than
 your grandfather's...

CALIGULA
 Well, they were not living gods. Poor
 devils.

CALIGULA looks first at one CONSUL and then the other; suddenly he laughs.

1ST CONSUL
 What is so amusing, Divine Caesar?

CALIGULA
 Just a thought.

2ND CONSUL
 What thought, Divine Caesar?

CALIGULA

All I have to do is nod my head and
both your throats will be cut right
here at dinner.

The CONSULS shrink; are mute. CALIGULA, with a sweet smile, rises
and returns to CAESONIA.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND CAESONIA

CALIGULA

Don't! I know what you're going to
say.

CAESONIA

You are only making yourself hated.

CALIGULA

Let them hate me, so long as they
fear me. Quotation. Anyway, no
need to fear. I'm impotent.

CAESONIA

It's the wine.

CALIGULA

It's boredom.

CAESONIA

What did you say to the two consuls?

CALIGULA

You are behaving like a wife.

CAESONIA

I am a wife. And the mother...

CALIGULA

Yes. Yes. If it makes you happy I
told them how easy it would be for me...

CAESONIA

To cut their throats.

CALIGULA

Yes. How did you know? Am I get-
ing monotonous?

CAESONIA

They are consuls...important men.

CALIGULA

(scornfully)

Consuls! Consuls are nothing. Claudius is a consul, and he's a half-wit. Aren't you, uncle.

CLAUDIUS

A what?

CALIGULA

A half-wit.

CLAUDIUS

Oh, yes. Yes! I should think so. Half of me does, anyway.

An hysterical shriek of laughter from CLAUDIUS silences the GUESTS. CALIGULA uses the silence to speak:

CALIGULA

When the next consulship falls vacant in...in... When?

LONGINUS

Two months, Divine Caesar...

CALIGULA

I shall appoint to this highest and most venerable office of the state, the noble and worthy Incitatus, my horse.

For the first time the ruling class of Rome is deeply shocked and stunned. CAMERA PANS from silent face to silent face.

EXT. STEPS OF SENATE - DAY

LONG SHOT

CALIGULA stands beside the horse Incitatus; the horse is garbed as a consul. The CROWD is much amused. The SENATORS in the doorway are furious but mask their emotions as best they can.

CALIGULA
All hail, Incitatus! Consul-delegate
of Rome!

The CROWD cheers delightedly.

CALIGULA
The new consul will now address the
Senate.

MEDIUM SHOT

With dignity, CALIGULA leads the horse into the Senate house.

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM

With the help of TWO WOMEN, CALIGULA is being dressed, splendidly, as a woman. He wears a tiara; face heavily made up. CAESONIA watches, with some amusement. The WOMEN arrange his robes, see to his make-up.

CAESONIA
You're very lovely.

CALIGULA
The wig helps.

CAESONIA
How long will you be the goddess Venus?

CALIGULA
A day or two.
(looks at self in glass)
My eyes are too small.

CAESONIA
The goddess Venus is perfect. There-
fore, you are perfect.

A small girl runs into the room. It is CALIGULA's daughter JULIA. She carries a doll.

JULIA
Where's my father?

CALIGULA
Here, my love.
(picks her up)
Kiss the goddess Venus.

JULIA kisses him.

JULIA
You look funny. Look at the doll.
(holds up the doll; then
snaps off its head)
There! Bad doll.

CALIGULA laughs and puts her down.

CALIGULA
There's no doubt as to her paternity.

CAESONIA
None at all.

CAESONIA motions for the WOMEN to leave. CALIGULA primps in front of the mirror. JULIA goes out onto the loggia with her broken doll.

CAESONIA
Are you serious...about leaving Rome?

CALIGULA
I'm always serious. Except when I'm not.
(into mirror)
Lips too red?

CAESONIA
No. But stop smearing them.
(a pause)
Will they let you?

CALIGULA
They?

CAESONIA
The Senate...

CALIGULA
(precisely)
I keep two books. Of enemies. One called The Sword. The other The
(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)

Dagger. Each day the books get shorter and shorter until one day soon there will be no books at all -- and no senate.

CAESONIA

How can you govern if you kill everybody?

CALIGULA

(reasonably)

If I kill everybody, I won't have anybody to govern. And that would be ideal.

CAESONIA

Don't joke.

CALIGULA

I never joke...

CAESONIA

Except when you do.

CALIGULA

(irritated)

I think maybe I need a new wife. One who doesn't know all my jokes.

CAESONIA

Or maybe you need new jokes.

CALIGULA

(exuberantly)

Here's one. Come. Pray to me. To Venus. Goddess of love, of light, of beauty.

INT. TEMPLE OF VENUS

MEDIUM SHOT

The cult statue of the goddess is hidden beneath curtains. CALIGULA stands on a marble pedestal, frozen in the attitude of the goddess. PRIESTS, SENATORS, PEOPLE crowd about: no one dares smile. All are serious. CALIGULA'S VOICE continues from the scene before:

CALIGULA (V.O.)
 I have come to you from highest Olym-
 pus, to bless you, to receive your
 offerings...

Various PEOPLE step forward and throw gold coins into an open basket at the foot of the statue. One of them is a tall handsome young man, MNESTER.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

Although his head is held high as the goddess, he sees MNESTER.

CLOSE SHOT - MNESTER

He bows in front of CALIGULA. Then he looks up. He is aware that CALIGULA is looking at him. MNESTER, shyly, smiles.

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

The room is softly lit. Still dressed as Venus, CALIGULA lies on his back while MNESTER takes him sexually. CALIGULA's legs are wrapped firmly about MNESTER's buttocks. Their love-making looks and sounds to be passionate -- whether real or feigned.

At the moment of climax, CALIGULA shouts with pleasure.

After CALIGULA gets his breath, he looks up at MNESTER.

CALIGULA
 Who are you?

MNESTER
 Mnester, Divine Caesar.

CALIGULA
 (corrects him)
 Venus.

MNESTER
 Venus, Goddess. I am an actor.

CALIGULA
 A Greek?

MNESTER
Yes...goddess.

CALIGULA
We shall go home to Greece together.
If you love me.

MNESTER
Who does not love the goddess of love?

CALIGULA
Sweet...
(frowns)
Unfortunately many people... Get off
me, will you?

MNESTER quickly removes himself to the other side of the bed.

CALIGULA
That's better. Many people have **turned**
against me.

MNESTER
The people...the real people of Rome
love you...
(hesitant about the name)
Divine Caesar?

CALIGULA
Yes. I'm Caesar now.

CALIGULA wipes the make-up from his face. The wig falls off.

MNESTER
Let me show you.

CALIGULA
Show me what?

EXT. ROMAN STREET - NIGHT

LONG SHOT

The street is narrow and twisting and full of small taverns, lurid in torch-light. WHORES, SLAVES, DRUNKS sit in taverns or cruise the streets. CALIGULA wears a thick black wig; a cloak **cover** his lower face. MNESTER leads him through the lower depths.

MNESTER
This is the Suburra...

CALIGULA
I know. I spent a lot of time here
when I was a boy.

They enter a tavern.

INT. TAVERN

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA and MNESTER are seated at a table in the corner. Much heavy drinking...off-duty SOLDIERS and WHORES.

CALIGULA tries to listen to near-by conversations. But the babble of voices is too loud.

CALIGULA drinks wine heavily. The OWNER knows MNESTER and particularly looks after them.

CALIGULA
I can't hear a thing...

MNESTER
You will, Div...

CALIGULA makes a shushing sound.

CALIGULA
(irritably)
Nobody's mentioned me once as far
as I can tell.

MNESTER
They will.

NEWCOMERS enter. More noise and general merriment. Then a BURLY MAN puts a metal cup on his head; rolls his eyes; affects effeminacy.

BURLY MAN
I am the goddess Venus!

Everyone bursts out laughing.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

A terrible scowl.

CALIGULA
(mutters)
Treason... Blasphemy.

MEDIUM SHOT

MNESTER
(restrains him)
Wait.

A WOMAN at the table laughs loudly.

WOMAN
I saw him. Every so funny he was.
And I love the way he gives it to those
senators.

A MAN takes a knife from the table and shoves it, as if into a body.

MAN
That's how he gives it to them.

The others find this very funny.

TWO SHOT - CALIGULA AND MNESTER

CALIGULA is amused.

MNESTER
Well?

CALIGULA
I see what you mean. They're a bit
crude but...

MNESTER
But they appreciate what you're doing.

MEDIUM SHOT

But the BURLY MAN has complaints:

BURLY MAN
These new taxes. How's a man to
live, I ask you?

MAN

Don't pay them.

WOMAN

Well, it costs the poor boy a lot, you know, putting on all those games and the shows at the theatre...

(her eyes **has** turned toward CALIGULA's table)

Why, look! There's what's his name. My favorite. The actor. The Greek. Mnester.

The WOMAN blows drunken kisses at MNESTER who bows.

BURLY MAN

Come on over. Don't be bashful. And bring your boy with you.

MNESTER finds this alarming; but CALIGULA is amused. They join the table. Wine is thrust upon them.

CALIGULA

(to BURLY MAN)

Which taxes do you most dislike?

BURLY MAN

All of 'em. Hey, Mnester, where did you find this boy?

MNESTER

He's a... an actor. Just arrived from Greece.

WOMAN

Cute.

MAN

What's he wearin' a wig for?

The MAN drunkenly reaches out and pulls off CALIGULA's wig.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

First response: fury. Then self-restraint...dignity.

MEDIUM SHOT

WOMAN
The poor lad's losing his hair. But
he's cute anyway.
(to CALIGULA)
You're cute anyway.

CALIGULA rises.

CALIGULA
We must go.

MNESTER
Yes, Divine Caesar.

BURLY MAN
Caesar? What a joke...

WOMAN
(knowledgeably)
Actors...always playing these different parts. Crazy people.

CALIGULA
But I am Caligula.

A moment of silence. Then a roar of laughter. They take this as the greatest joke.

BURLY
One more drink, boy, and you'll think
you're the goddess Venus!

The MAN puts the empty tankard on his head again. MNESTER quickly hurries CALIGULA to the door.

INT. SENATE HOUSE

LONG SHOT

At the far end of the chamber CALIGULA sits enthroned, wearing a crown. Behind him SOLDIERS stand, swords drawn. The SENATORS are silent, nervous.

CALIGULA
My lords, I now draw the sword that
I have forged in my midnight study.
(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)

It has occurred to us that the taxes
you have levied upon the people of
Rome are burdensome to them. I
shall therefore reduce all taxes by
fifty percent...

EXT. SENATE HOUSE - DAY

A MOB has gathered in front of the Senate. A MAN at the Senate door shouts:

MAN

All taxes to be cut by half!

Loud cheers.

INT. SENATE HOUSE

LONG SHOT

The cheering of the PLEBES outside contrasts with the silence of the
SENATORS.

CALIGULA

To make up for this lost revenue to
our treasury, we shall confiscate
the entire estate of anyone found guilty
of treason -- either to the state or to
ourselves the god Caligula, the two
being one and the same thing. The
Chancellor will read out the list of
those indicted for treason.

LONGINUS grimly comes forward, a document in his hand.

LONGINUS

Indictments for treason have been
made against the following senators...

CAMERA PANS among the SENATORS; all are terrified; none knows whether
or not he will be on the list.

LONGINUS

Senator Aponius...

The bald-headed old man who bought the thirteen gladiators accepts his fate stoically.

LONGINUS
Senator Piso...

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He watches the SENATORS with the intensity of a young wolf studying a flock of sheep.

LONGINUS (O.S.)
Senator Antonius...Senator Galba...

INT. CALIGULA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

CAESONIA is napping on the bed when an excited CALIGULA enters.

CALIGULA
Wake up!

CAESONIA
I am awake... Come here, love.

CALIGULA sits on the bed; much too keyed-up for love-making.

CALIGULA
While you were napping, I did some
very good business.

CAESONIA
What?

CALIGULA
Forty senators. Guilty of treason...

CAESONIA
Oh, my god.

CALIGULA
I reckon their combines estates --
which I inherit -- will more than make
up for the reduction in taxes.

A knock at the door.

CALIGULA
Who is it?

MNESTER appears.

MNESTER
Lord, you sent for me...

CALIGULA
Yes. Join us. Show Caesonia your
beautiful body.

MNESTER strips.

CALIGULA
Well?

CAESONIA
Beautiful.

CALIGULA
(to CAESONIA)
He is my husband.

CAESONIA
(very smooth)
When was the wedding?

CALIGULA
(delighted)
The wedding is...now.

CALIGULA pulls off CAESONIA's robes; then undresses himself. CALIGULA is delighted with the situation.

CALIGULA
What better proof that I am god?
(caresses MNESTER)
I have a husband.
(caresses CAESONIA)
And a wife. I am all that is -- and
will ever be.

CALIGULA positions himself to enter CAESONIA. MNESTER positions himself to enter CALIGULA. All three appear to be having a splendid troilistic time.

INT. LONGINUS'S OFFICE

MEDIUM SHOT

The CLERKS work as always. LONGINUS offers CALIGULA the usual documents. CALIGULA signs and seals them quickly.

CALIGULA
 (rapidly)
 ...name...Senate...people...of Rome.
 (to LONGINUS)
 Why don't we drop the Senate? Just
 say in the name of the people of Rome...

LONGINUS
 Custom, Caesar...

CALIGULA
 Customs can be changed. After all,
 until me no emperor was a god until
 he was safely dead. I got rid of that
 hypocrisy.

LONGINUS
 As Divine Caesar wishes...

CALIGULA
 On the other hand it might be simply
 just to eliminate the senators, one by
 one.

CHAEREA enters with his second in command, a young officer named SABINUS.

CHAEREA
 Divine Caesar.

CALIGULA extends his hand to be kissed. CHAEREA bows to kiss the outstretched hand.

CLOSE SHOT

CALIGULA's hand. He extends only the middle finger which he wags lewdly.

CALIGULA (O.S.)
 Lick it, Chaerea.

CHAEREA grimly licks the finger.

CALIGULA (O.S.)
You like that, don't you? Reminds
you of Proculus.

MEDIUM SHOT

CHAEREA is scarlet with embarrassment. CALIGULA has now inserted
the finger in CHAEREA's *moth*.

CALIGULA
By the way, what did you do with Pro-
culus's cock and balls? You never
thanked me for them.

A strangled sound from CHAEREA: mouth full.

CALIGULA
That's enough. You exhaust me...

CHAEREA straightens up. Smiling, CALIGULA turns to SABINUS.

CALIGULA
But then you have a new Proculus, I
see. Dirty old man.
(to CHAEREA)
Is he as big?

CALIGULA casually lifts up SABINUS's skirt. SABINUS blushes; remains
at attention.

CALIGULA
No. I'm afraid Sabinus is on the small
side. But then what the gods did not
give, no god can take away. Well,
what can we do for you?

CHAEREA
The games tomorrow. What time will
they begin? And end?

CALIGULA
To celebrate the execution of the forty
senators -- and the gain to our trea-
sury -- the games will start at noon
(MORE)

CALIGULA (cont.)
and continue until midnight. At mid-
night there will be a special religious
ceremony in which I shall take part.

CHAEREA
(salutes)
Thank you, Divine Caesar.

SABINUS salutes and the two leave. The CLERKS pretend not to have
seen or heard anything. CALIGULA looks at LONGINUS. He is thoughtful.

CALIGULA
I can trust no one, Longinus.

LONGINUS
Surely...

CALIGULA
But then no one can trust me. I am
like the weather. Only when I rain,
it is blood.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA is again suffering from insomnia. He walks alone, CAMERA
WITH HIM. Finally, he comes out on a loggia, overlooking the stadium.
A waning moon is in the sky.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

He looks haunted, wretched. He raises his arms to the moon.

CALIGULA
Moon...sister! Where is Drusilla?
Is she there, Moon? With you? If
she is, let me have her back again.
If you do, I'll build you a temple larger
than...

CALIGULA drops his arms. Sentence uncompleted.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA

You never answer me. Tiberius was right. There's only fate. Random stupid fate. I live. Then I die. And that is all.

CAESONIA appears from the shadows like a ghost. CALIGULA starts.

CALIGULA

(shakes his head)
I hate the night.
(looks at the sky)
Where is that bastard brother of mine, the sun? Rise, damn you!

CAESONIA

(takes his arm)
Come. To my room. I have drugs.

CALIGULA

No. I need a clear head for tomorrow. Do you know your part?

CAESONIA

(nods)
I feel I am the goddess Isis.

CALIGULA

And I am Osiris. And tomorrow night we shall change the religion of Rome.
(to the sky)
It's the end of you, Jupiter. From now on, the mother will rule in heaven and in Rome.

CAESONIA

Is it wise to...

CALIGULA

(sharply)
Everything I do is wise. As if it mattered.
(shakes his head)
I must get away. Clear my mind.

CAESONIA
Alexandria?

CALIGULA
Yes.

CAESONIA
But how can Alexandria be the capital
of Rome?

CALIGULA
Because where I am, that is Rome.
All right, Caesonia. Give me your
drugs. I must sleep.

INT. CAESONIA'S BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA drinks a drugged wine. CAESONIA sits next to him; she is solicitous, watchful. CALIGULA is growing sleepy, confused. He slurs his words.

CALIGULA
I shall eliminate the Senate. All of
them. Their families, too. Tiberius
always said: they are the enemy of the
Caesars.

Seductively, CAESONIA caresses CALIGULA, but he pushes her hand away.

CALIGULA
I can't. I'm impotent again. I don't
know why.

CAESONIA
(slyly)
I have a cure...

CALIGULA
(rouses himself; sharply)
No! That last aphrodisiac of yours
nearly killed me. Why do you love me?

CAESONIA
You are a god.

CALIGULA

Don't be silly. There are no gods.
Except the ones I invent.

(touches brow)

Up here.

CAESONIA

So you invented yourself. Anyway
you are Caesar.

CALIGULA

Yes, I suppose that is lovable. Women
like power, don't they?

CAESONIA

Yes. Almost as much as men do.

CALIGULA

(another tack, dreamily)

You know, I watch men die. But I
never see anything. I never hear any-
thing. They just...go.

CAESONIA

(carefully)

The goddess Isis will recover your
body when you are dead and she will
make you whole and restore you to
eternal life.

CALIGULA

Will she? Or will I just...go too?
And be forgotten.

CAESONIA

You care about the future?

CALIGULA

No. Yes.

(the drug has got to CA-
LIGULA; he stretches
langourously)

I think -- perhaps -- I am a god. After
all. And when I die, I shall become
stars in the sky...keeping watch...
beside Drusilla.

CALIGULA falls back onto the bed; he sleeps. CAESONIA looks down at him: expression enigmatic.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

LONG SHOT

The stadium is crowded with PEOPLE. Chariots are racing. Much cheering.

INT. IMPERIAL BOX

CALIGULA lies on a divan: he is **hungover** and listless. With him are MNESTER, CAESONIA and the three-year-old JULIA. GUARDS, as always, nearby.

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA
(finishing an account of
a dream)
...and then I dreamt that I was standing
at the door of Jupiter's throne,
and suddenly he kicked me.

CAESONIA
He wouldn't dare!

CALIGULA
Well, he did. And I fell down a flight
of steps...and woke up. Somewhat
the worse for your drug.

CAESONIA
At least you slept.

Suddenly CALIGULA is distracted by what he sees in the stadium.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CALIGULA

The end of the chariot races. The CROWD cheers as a horse (not Caligula's) wins.

CALIGULA
(stunned)
Incitatus lost! My horse lost!

CALIGULA is on his feet.

SHOTS of CROWD cheering the victor. Of Incitatus and his dejected DRIVER. Of CALIGULA shouting furiously at the CROWD. But he is unheard by them.

INT. IMPERIAL BOX

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

Beside himself with rage.

CALIGULA
(to the CROWD)
You fools! You monsters! You...
you... Oh, how I wish all you Romans
had only one...

CAESONIA
Neck.

CALIGULA
Don't interrupt me.

MEDIUM SHOT

Somewhat alarmed, CAESONIA pulls CALIGULA down onto the divan.

CAESONIA
(soothingly)
It's only a race.

CALIGULA
Only a race? It's my defeat they're
cheering.

EXT. IMPERIAL BOX - DAY

LONG SHOT

Back of the imperial box, there is a long covered walk-way. GUARDS stand close to the entrance of the box. At the shadowy far-end of the corridor are two small figures: CHAEREA and SABINUS.

TWO SHOT - CHAEREA AND SABINUS

CHAEREA
(low voice)
When he rises...to go to dinner...

SABINUS
(nervously)
But what about the German guard?

CHAEREA
They are on detail. In the palace.

SABINUS indicates the SOLDIERS at the entrance to imperial box.

SABINUS
...Those guards? Are they with us?

CHAEREA nods.

SABINUS
But when the German guards find out?

CHAEREA
(grimly)
It will be too late.

INT. IMPERIAL BOX

MEDIUM SHOT

LONGINUS has now joined the party.

LONGINUS
Divine Caesar, the Parthian embassy
waits upon you.

CALIGULA
Later.
(to CAESONIA)
I don't feel like eating, do you?

CAESONIA shakes her head.

LONGINUS
I shall tell the embassy you will see
them later...

CALIGULA

Yes... No. We had better go. Mnester
has got to rehearse us for the play to-
night.

LONGINUS

Yes, Divine Caesar.

LONGINUS withdraws. CALIGULA rises; stretches. Then he leaves the
box, followed by MNESTER, CAESONIA and JULIA.

INT. COVERED WALK-WAY

LONG SHOT - POV CHAEREA AND SABINUS

In the distance they see the emperor as he comes out of the box.

SABINUS

(nervously)

Here he comes.

At that moment a DOZEN BOYS with a DANCING MASTER hurry past them towards the
stadium.

CHAEREA

(taken aback)

Who are they?

SABINUS

Dancers. From Troy. What do we
do now?

MEDIUM SHOT

CALIGULA, CAESONIA, JULIA and MNESTER stop near the entrance to
the imperial box. The DANCING MASTER bows, kisses CALIGULA's hand.
The BOYS stand at attention.

MASTER

Divine Caesar, The Trojan dancers...
as you requested.

CALIGULA

Oh, yes.

(plainly doesn't recall)

So I did. Very...handsome. Are they
ready to perform?

CLOSE SHOT - CHAEREA

Listens; very tense.

MASTER (O.S.)

All but the head-dancer. He has had
a fever. But he should be better by
tonight.

CALIGULA (O.S.)

Then we shall see them tonight.

CHAEREA's face shows relief.

LONG SHOT

The BOYS line up at attention as CALIGULA passes, CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.
Behind the emperor, the GUARDS in front of the imperial box stand at
attention. Just back of CALIGULA walks CAESONIA, JULIA, MNESTER.

MEDIUM SHOT

SABINUS steps forward; blocks CALIGULA's passage.

SABINUS

The password.

CALIGULA

What? Oh. "Jupiter".

CHAEREA is now at CALIGULA's back. CHAEREA draws his sword.

CHAEREA

So be it.

CHAEREA aims to decapitate CALIGULA but, as he strikes, CALIGULA
turns and CHAEREA only cuts CALIGULA's jaw.

CAESONIA screams; gathers JULIA in her arms.

MNESTER bolts down the corridor, and escapes.

The GUARDS at the imperial box push past the terrified BOY DANCERS.

TWO GUARDS seize CAESONIA. A third takes the child JULIA.

CLOST SHOT - CALIGULA

For an instant he is stunned by the blow. Blood streams down his face.

LONG SHOT - CALIGULA

Then he starts to run down the corridor. But SABINUS keeps pace with him.

SABINUS stabs CALIGULA in the chest.

CALIGULA staggers back against the wall. CHAEREA and the other GUARDS rush toward CALIGULA, ready for the kill.

CLOSE SHOT - CALIGULA

Like a wolf at bay. But oddly triumphant...and grinning.

CALIGULA
I live!

SABINUS stabs him again. CALIGULA falls. Then he begins to crawl along the floor.

CALIGULA
(a shout)
I still live!

CHAEREA hurries toward CALIGULA, sword drawn. CALIGULA is now struggling to get to his feet. He is half erect, when CHAEREA viciously slashes his crotch. CALIGULA howls with pain. Then SABINUS stabs again.

CALIGULA
(gasping)
I...still...
(sways; then falls to the
earth)
Live...

CALIGULA lies motionless on the ground. The GUARDS hack at him. CAESONIA screams and screams.

CLOSE SHOT - CAESONIA

ONE of the GUARDS stabs CAESONIA; she falls dead.

CLOSE SHOT - JULIA

The GUARD holding JULIA swings the child by the heels around and around and then dashes her head against the wall.

LONG SHOT - POV CHAEREA

Caligula's GERMAN GUARD have appeared, swords drawn. CHAEREA'S GUARDS fight them. In the [melée](#), CHAEREA is killed.

INT. PALACE CORRIDORS

QUICK SHOTS: Palace GUARDS with swords drawn, searching -- and looting.

INT. PALACE BEDROOM

MEDIUM SHOT

GUARDS burst in. They are searching for someone. One pulls back a curtain. There stands CLAUDIUS, trembling.

CLAUDIUS drops to his knees; embraces GUARD's legs, beseechingly.

The GUARD pulls CLAUDIUS to his feet and hurries him from the room.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

LONG SHOT - POV CROWD

LONGINUS stands beside CLAUDIUS in the imperial box. SABINUS is on hand.

LONGINUS
Caligula is dead!

A great gasp from the CROWD.

LONGINUS
Hail, Claudius! Hail, Claudius Caesar!

There is a shocked silence.

INT. IMPERIAL BOX

MEDIUM SHOT

CLAUDIUS stands, trembling, drooling. LONGINUS is also nervous.
SABINUS is grim.

LONGINUS
Hail, Claudius Caesar!

Now the CROWD takes up the chant.

CROWD
Hail, Claudius! Hail, Claudius! Hail,
Claudius! Hail, Caesar!

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

LONG SHOT

A fire burns. Several GUARDS dump Caligula's much-hacked body onto the flames.

They are joined by another GUARD carrying the miniature armor of the child Caligula. He commits the costume -- little boots and all -- to the flames.

EXT. MAUSOLEUM- DAY

MEDIUM SHOT

The scene is closer to that of the dream-funeral at the beginning than to the realistic funeral of Tiberius.

On the dais stands CLAUDIUS, dressed as emperor.

CLAUDIUS is flanked by LONGINUS and SABINUS. Below them pass the MASKED FIGURES of the house of Caesar.

The PRIEST again intones the names:

PRIEST
Julius Caesar. Now a God.

The mask of Julius Caesar appears and disappears.

Then a FIGURE wearing the mask of Augustus looks up at CLAUDIUS.

PRIEST
Augustus Caesar. Now a god.

Next comes the FIGURE wearing the death mask of Tiberius.

PRIEST
Tiberius Caesar.

CLOSE SHOT - CLAUDIUS

The new emperor watches intently. Already he is different from the CLAUDIUS we have seen. All power is now concentrated in him. And he knows it.

CLAUDIUS stands very straight; his face impassive, imperial, cruel.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Caligula Caesar...

A storm of booing from the CROWD. CLAUDIUS's face betrays no emotion.

CLOSE SHOT - THE DEATH MASK OF CALIGULA

The lips are drawn back, baring the teeth in what looks to be a mighty laugh, as if he is shouting: "I still live".

LONG SHOT

The funeral procession has now become fantastic and the line which should have ended, realistically, with Caligula seems to be an endless procession of grotesquely-masked figures, of tyrants...

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK

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